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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 11, 1959

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FASCINATING £500 PUZZLE - Page 7

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Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 31 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 469P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

MARCH 11, 1959

Vol. 26, No. 4

Our cover

• This pretty girl, so pensively holding a long, colorful necklace, seems to be asking herself whether she is in love. To see whether you are in love, answer the 20 questions in our special quiz on page 23 of this issue.

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The Weekly Round

• At 75, Princess Alice of Athlone, who is staying at Government House, Brisbane, with her son-in-law, the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, and daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, is as sprightly as a girl.

STAFF reporter Marjorie Stapleton, who wrote the interview on the opposite page, told us:

"Rain began to fall as we were taking Princess Alice's photograph.

"Just a moment," she called. "I must get my umbrella."

"Before anyone could forestall her, the Princess had run up the steps of Government House like a girl and disappeared inside.

"When the Princess returned she said: 'If this hat gets just a few spots of rain it will be absolutely ruined, and I do like it!'"

Marjorie says that the hat was a light green straw capulet wreathed with green leaves.

Princess Alice's fears for its safety, however, were quickly stilled. The rain stopped and the sun shone again.

THERE are interesting backgrounds to the new and fashionable mohair and angora wools used for two of the 11 designs in our special seven-page Autumn Knitting Section (pages 29 to 36).

The yarns used in the designs were specially imported from overseas, but are now selling in Australia.

Mohair, the experts tell us, comes from a goat found only in high-mountain countries, such as India and Pakistan.

France buys the raw hair and spins it into the shaggy yarn called "French mohair." The shaded effect in our smart jacket is achieved by dyeing the fibres after they are spun.

The special type of rabbit that produces angora fur is bred on farms in France. The fur is collected after moulting and spun into fibres by a complicated process not unlike that used to blow glass. This gives angora wool its silkiness and long-haired appearance.

NEXT WEEK

There are features for every member of the family in our next issue.

- Special three-page fashion advice section, "You, too, can be eye-catching."
- Free pattern of a short jacket to cover up summer dresses for between-season wear.
- First instalment of an absorbing new serial, "Cone of Silence," by David Beaty, author of "The Proving Flight."

"Yes, I really love Australia"

Even tropic heat doesn't worry Princess Alice.

Her recipe for looking 15 years younger: Travel

● Slim and graceful, with hazel eyes and pink - and - white complexion, Princess Alice, at 76, acknowledges one beauty secret: "All this travelling — of course it keeps one young. It's very invigorating to move about and see the world."

PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, had her 76th birthday on February 25, but she looks at least 15 years younger.

She has a twinkling smile and the Royal art of putting one at ease.

When I interviewed her at Government House, Brisbane, where she is visiting her daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, wife of Queensland's Governor, Sir Henry Abel Smith, she seated herself in a large armchair in the shady drawing-room and invited me to take the neighboring armchair.

"I know you're going to ask me why on earth I should come to Queensland in February," she said. "It's because I'd much rather be overheated in Queensland than frozen in London. And in London there's the smog."

"Besides, I'm used to wintering in Jamaica. "I loved my journey out. I had perfect peace and when I arrived I felt ready to move about and see as much of Queensland as I could."

"I've always wished to see Australia, and now that my daughter lives here I have my opportunity."

"I travelled on the Queensland Star because its sailing date suited me best—and of course the name was so very appropriate!"

"I really think everyday life in Australia is little different from my own life."

"In London I have a beautiful apartment in a palace, but the way I spend my time is the same as any active woman out here with a lot of committee work and a wide circle of friends."

"Gradually I hope to go into the outback with His Excellency and my daughter."

Princess Alice is the daughter of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who was the eighth child of Queen Victoria. Her husband, who died two years ago, was Prince Alexander of Teck, who set aside this German title during World War I and took the name of Cambridge after his mother, Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, daughter of King George III's son, the Duke of Cambridge.

His sister was Queen Mary, wife of King George V. She was Princess May of Teck at the time of her marriage.

Later Prince Alexander was given a peerage and became the Earl of Athlone. He was Governor-General of South Africa from 1923 to 1931, and Governor-General of Canada from 1940 to 1946.

Queen Mary was godmother to the Athlones' daughter, who was named May in her honor. Lady May Cambridge married Sir Henry Abel Smith, and is her mother's hostess at Government House.

Speaking of Lady May, Princess Alice remarked: "Queensland must certainly agree with her and with His Excellency, too, for I've never seen them looking better."

When I asked Princess Alice if she would tell me some of her outstanding memories from childhood, she described how her nurse held her up to peer out of the middle window at Buckingham Palace to watch the Jubilee celebrations in honor of her grandmother Queen Victoria.

Another treasured memory is her wedding day, in February, 1904, when her uncle and godfather, King Edward VII, gave her a beautiful wedding at Windsor Castle.

In his "Recollections of Three Reigns," Sir Frederick Ponsonby said that this marriage between lovely Princess Alice of Albany and Prince Alexander ("Algy") of Teck gave the King scope for his powers of organisation, but that some of the ceremonial of the wedding went wrong owing to unlucky mistakes by the Coldstream and Castle Guards — and that the King exploded with rage at what he called the slipshod arrangements.

"I don't remember any explosions," Princess Alice reflected.

"It was a glorious wedding, and if there were any upsets they must have been hidden from me."

Before his marriage, Prince Alexander had visited Australia as A.D.C. to the then Duke and Duchess of York (King George V and Queen Mary), who opened the first Federal Parliament in 1901.

"He had a wonderful time and often described Australia to me," said the Princess. "He hoped to bring me here."

"He saw a great deal of war service in his lifetime, firstly in the Matabele rebel-

lion, from which Rhodesia was founded, then in the Boer War and in the Great War."

An outstanding memory of Princess Alice's is her trip through Arabia in 1938.

"It was a fantastic journey," she said, "and I believe I was only the second woman to make it. We motored, and slept in tents like Arabs."

"Also in 1938 my husband and I went to the wedding of the Shah of Iran and his first wife, and saw their beautiful and extraordinary country."

"Another interesting period was our time in Canada, during World War II, when we saw the country become industrialised—almost overnight, it seemed."

"My committee work has kept me active," she said. "I'm Chancellor of the University of the West Indies, and am still world president of the Victoria League. In Canada they have the Imperial Daughters of Empire, which is much the same as the Victoria League."

In London Princess Alice lives at Kensington Palace, which is also the home of the Duchess of Kent and her family.

"If you ask me which place I love best in the world, I must, of course, say my home in London, for every woman loves her own home best."

"But I'm a born traveller and wish I could have homes



PRINCESS ALICE (left), Countess of Athlone, with her daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, and son-in-law, Sir Henry Abel Smith, Governor of Queensland, in the garden of Government House, Brisbane.

in all the countries I love — Canada, Africa, Jamaica, and now Australia."

"Yes, I love Australia already. I think it's very like South Africa, and Sir Henry tells me the inland stations remind him of parts of South Africa, too."

In London Princess Alice sees a great deal of her cousin, the Queen.

"They lead a lovely family life," she said. "But so much State business for the Queen! Her public life leaves little time for her precious home life, but, nonetheless, they are like any affectionate family, with happy children."

"The Queen is very interested in their education, and

they are not spoiled in any way. I'm sure she is right in trying to keep them out of public life until they're older."

Princess Alice will leave Australia early in August, just before Princess Alexandra is due to arrive.

"I'm sorry to miss her," said the Princess. "She's a delightful girl, intelligent, charming, and so natural and sweet. I know you'll all love her."

She added, "I really think I've told you all my nicest memories." And when she took me to the door she gave me a firm handshake and one of her lovely smiles, and said again:

"I love Australia and I love the heat!"

By **MARJORIE STAPLETON**, staff reporter

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TAKE OFF
MY
JUMPING-JACKS"**

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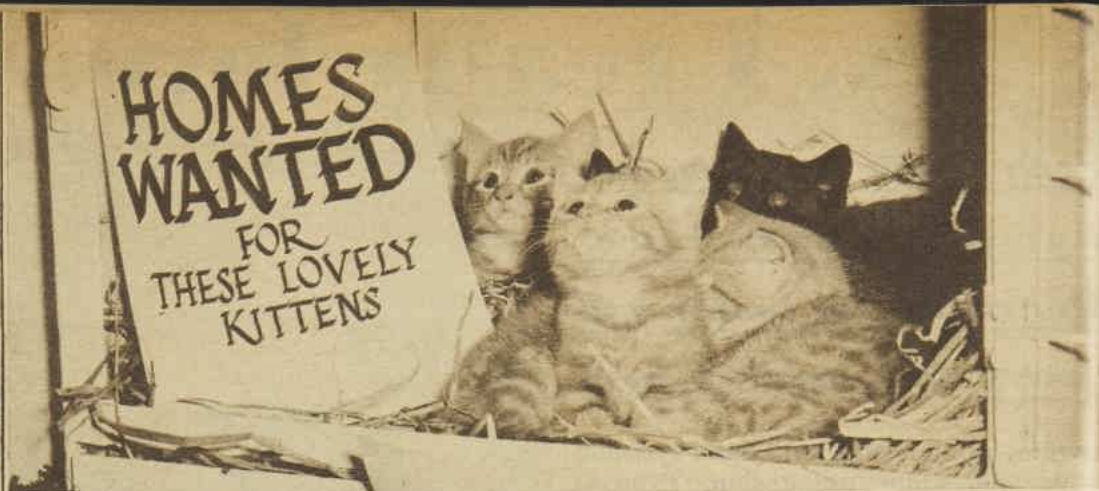
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Some of the poorer pets at the lunch made certain everyone knew they were house-hunting.

The animals' guests walked in two-by-two

By DIANA PHIPPS, of our London staff

● A very snob lunch-party took place in London recently, invitation by gilt-edged card only.

IT was held in the Connaught Banqueting Rooms, the kind of place that has a uniformed commissionaire on the side, an army of bellhops inside, and acres of thick carpets and chandeliers.

The news had spread that the lunch was taking place, and a large crowd collected to watch the hosts and their guests arrive.

It was one of those annual club lunches to which members are each allowed to invite two guests.

It was in fact the official luncheon of the National Pets Club of Great Britain, sponsored by a London newspaper.

The object of the club is to protect pets from cruelty, neglect, injustice, and ignorance.

The hosts were V.I.P.'s (Very Important Pets) and they set up a loud barking, hissing, and chirping welcome to their human guests.

Petit goo

It was a cosmopolitan affair, and a hundred different tongues were heard chatting together over sherries, rain-water, whiskies, and a soup called Petit Goo.

Hosts included Percy, a lady python who, having seen the latest fashion shows, was wearing touches of the new Spring Bronze with her slinky figure-hugging coat.

Noel and Nero, two St. Bernards, were swapping ski stories and exchanging notes on rescue work, in which they both have an interest. Poody Poodle was entertaining pianist Eileen Joyce.

Two Shetland ponies and a donkey had invited leading veterinary surgeon William Hurst, and Tee Vee, a budgerigar, was host to actress Edana Ronney.

A giant anaconda looked down her nose at the chimpan-

zees, who were the life and soul of the party.

Junior members of the club included a family of alligators, a little too shy to really enjoy themselves, and a baby ocelot, wearing a smart spotted fur coat, who kept knocking over glasses of wine.

Australia was represented by Joey Wallaby, whom everyone introduced as Mr. Kangaroo.

Eton bloater

The hosts, who preferred to eat their lunch in private cubicles which lined the large dining-room, had an extensive menu which included many national dishes for the overseas members.

The dishes included such delicacies as Saute of Ants, Frog Diane, Eton Bloater, Mangel Wurzel, Fish Tails a la Billingsgate, Escalope de Frog Neap, Grasshopper du Jour, and Horse Flies d'Ete.

The pets' guests, of course, had a more conservative menu of Seafood Cocktails, Filet Steak, and Souffle Vesuvienne.

Some of the hosts circulated among the guests' tables during lunch, and joined in the conversations.

At speech-time, when the guests spoke, there was much barracking, heckling, and interjecting from the canine members, which at times threatened to drown the speakers. A vote of thanks was given by Gretel, a boxer dog film star.

The party ended on a note of abandon.

Percy Python was seen embracing a pretty guest with great warmth. Johnnie Chimpanzee had obviously had too many Kipper Cocktails, and Pop Eye Ocelot was still knocking over glasses of wine.

A suggestion that a club be formed for the Protection of People from Pets was coldly received.

It could only happen in England.



Tinker Corgi sported a fashionable cloth hat in her private dining cubicle.



JEANNIE, a white Pyrenean mountain dog, who invited seven children from a Dr. Barnardo Home to the luncheon, looks at the seating plan before going in to eat.

Husband's reward at Covent Garden



● Australian opera star Joan Sutherland has scored the triumph of her career by her brilliant performance in "Lucia di Lammermoor" at Covent Garden. She is shown (left) holding her three-year-old son, Adam. To help her career her husband, Richard Bonyng (right), sacrificed his own promising future as a pianist.



working for and with her to develop this talent have been the most exciting of my life—far more exciting than becoming a concert pianist. It's been no sacrifice, I assure you."

Now Mr. Bonyng's inspiration has paid off. Joan Sutherland's voice, which has a range of low G to F in altissimo, is recognised all over the world.

Joan joined the Royal Opera in the 1952 season, and has gone from strength to strength.

In 1956 she became first Australian soprano to sing the leading Mozart role at the Glyndebourne Bi-centenary and was such a great success that she was invited back in '57 to sing Madame Herz in "The Impresario."

Now prima donna at Covent Garden since Sylvia Fisher stopped being resident singer, Joan Sutherland in the past two years achieved her Handelian fame, which reached its peak in "Samson."

With all this constant hard work you might think that Joan has little time for her family life, but this is not so. She has regular lessons with Clive Carey, her London teacher, but needs to go to him only about once every six weeks to check her progress. The rest of the time she

trains with her husband at home, which gives her a chance to be close to her three-year-old son Adam.

The final dress rehearsal of "Lucia" must have been nearly as great a strain for Joan as the premiere.

The red plush grand tier of the Royal Opera House had a row of perhaps the most critical audience in the world.

Representing singers were Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Maria Meneghini Callas, the latter being recognised as one of the most superb Lucias of all time. Nearby were the Earl and Countess of Harewood, leaders of England's opera world.

Normally not a sound disturbs the almost sanctified silence between scenes at a Covent Garden dress rehearsal, but so impressed were this handpicked audience they applauded wildly after the dramatic, taxing mad scene.

As soon as the last curtain fell, Maria Callas rushed backstage to congratulate Joan.

"You were wonderful, just wonderful," she said.

"It was I, you remember, who persuaded and encouraged you to sing roles like Lucia," she added.

Then came Schwarzkopf with tears in her eyes.

"Listening to you sing today was one of the most moving moments of my life," she told the young Australian.

Then came perhaps the most important moment of all when David Webster told Joan he wanted her to conquer the other great opera houses of the world. "It was his faith that made tonight possible," she said.

"He promised me this wonderful chance as Lucia three years ago. This is the most difficult soprano role ever written and hasn't been performed at the Garden since 1925, when Toti Dal Monte sang."

Already Miss Sutherland has been invited to sing Leonora at the Opera House in Genoa.

And Richard Bonyng, her husband and greatest fan, believes this is just the beginning.

Australian star "best since Nellie Melba"

● A brilliant young Australian pianist, who sacrificed a promising career because he thought his wife's singing talent and future were more important, got his rich reward at the premiere of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

THE pianist is Richard Bonyng. His reward was the unprecedented Covent Garden success of his wife — Australian operatic star Joan Sutherland.

Not since Dame Nellie Melba triumphed on the same stage years ago had a British singer been hailed with such universal acclaim.

In fact, there have been few such triumphs in the whole history of opera.

"Now you must conquer all the other great opera houses of the world," Mr. David Webster, Administrator of the Royal Opera House, told the elated singer as she left the stage.

But that night, which made all the dreams of the 30-year-old singer come true, would not have happened if she had not known Richard Bonyng at the Sydney Conservatorium 15 years ago.

For it was he who recognised her operatic potentials in such roles as Lucia, and encouraged her along the road to her present great success.

All through her childhood, Joan Sutherland had mimicked the voice of her mother, Muriel Alston — a mezzo-soprano who gave up the concert stage very early in her life but who had been on it long enough to know how easy it is to ruin a beautiful young voice with overstrain.

When Joan was sure that she

wanted to make singing her career, her mother gave her regular hours of careful training, but she never allowed her to sing heavily dramatic roles which would overtax her delicate young throat.

"We have never ceased to be grateful to her for this care," Richard Bonyng says today. "It is the one reason we can be sure that this success is no flash in the pan. It's solid and lasting because it was built slowly."

By
BETTY BEST,
of our London staff

Although the foundations of training Joan's voice were sound, there was one mistake everyone made. From her mother to other teachers, conductors, and audiences they all thought of her as a Wagnerian soprano.

This meant that they didn't expect her to sing above top C, so it was in this type of role that she first was heard by the public in the Sydney Town Hall in 1947.

After this most successful debut she had two years of touring Australia singing in concerts, broadcasts, and oratorios before she won a £300 aria competition, and the following year a £1000 award for the best voice in Australasia.

With these honors, and her mother as companion, Joan

Sutherland travelled to England at the end of 1951.

Already in England on a three-year piano scholarship at the Royal College of Music was her old friend Richard Bonyng, with whom she had often worked in Sydney.

"We hadn't even written to keep in touch," Richard now admits. "We were just good friends who enjoyed working together and were interested in each other's career."

"But I hadn't been working with Joan long before I realised that hers was a really great voice."

"I also realised — even though she herself didn't — that she was able to reach a far higher range than she had been using."

Fortunately for Miss Sutherland, Mr. Bonyng had the unusual hobby of studying 19th-century Bel Canto operas.

He knew all about the divas of that great musical era and he began to encourage Miss Sutherland to try some of their roles.

It has been equally good for her career that the young pianist, who must have been very talented to get his three-year scholarship in the first place, decided that his future wife's career was more important than his own.

"Great singers are born not made," he says with an intense sincerity.

"I believe my wife has one of the most exciting, natural talents in the world today."

"The last eight years of



AT COVENT GARDEN Australian operatic star Joan Sutherland (right) shows Maria Callas how she plays the mad scene in "Lucia di Lammermoor" — an opera in which Callas has also won great success.

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SHAPE RETURNS TO FASHION

● Every woman will have shape in her spring wardrobe—the chemise and trapeze are both passe.

A BELT at the waistline—sometimes it is wide enough to look slightly Empire—has transformed the silhouette and given it the most alluring implications. The suit with a short jacket and a middy-top suit are both chic.

Laurent, at Dior, continues to show his longer skirtline, 15 inches from the ground.

Other members of the Paris Couture show skirts just below the knee, both lengths varying slightly with the wearer's proportions.

The ankle-length evening dress and one slightly longer is back. The newest takes a bustle. Pierre Cardin shows a long-skirted evening dress draped and slit in front to the knee.

Hats are wonderful. The woman of fashion can no longer rely on a wisp of veiling or a bow as a head-covering. Flowers and fruit decorate millinery in the Edwardian manner. A shape rather like a beehive and one similar to a mushroom have a fresh new look.

It's a hatty spring.

Green, red, pink, yellow, blue, and flowering prints all help towards prettiness. Sheers and silk shantung are two liked materials. A single rose worn at centre-front to emphasise the décolletage is a spring trim.

A jewellery fancy not to be missed: Ropes of colored beads twisted around each wrist matched to a short, many-stranded necklace.

And at the top of the whole spring Paris picture rises the head, smoothed down and sleek. The tousled coiffure is out.

WAISTLINES ARE BACK

Dior dress (left) in red chiffon has soft fullness above the firmly belted waistline. The matching straw hat is garlanded with lavish fruit and flowers in the true romantic Edwardian manner.



Designs for next spring from the new Paris shows



THE MIDDY-BLOUSE SUIT

Suit hit at Maison Dior is the middy top. Two are shown above. The one in red shantung is caught in front with a reef knot in silk. The blue suit has a white organdie collar.



SHORT JACKET, BIG COLLAR

Pierre Cardin designed the suit above. The enormous collar and important hat are typical of his spring collection. More news is the color yellow, and still more news is the hat fabric, crisp white scalloped organdie.

PLEATS ARE IN FOR SPRING

Superb dress and hat (left) from Dior in silk shantung. Pleats are used for the skirt and deep bertha collar. Twin bracelets of blue and crystal beads are worn on each wrist.

FLOOR-LENGTH FOR EVENING

Reappearance of the long-skirted evening dress was applauded in Paris. The one at right was designed by Serge Matta, and its bustle back is news. The bodice has a bare back and a straight-cut front panel.



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beauty-washes your hair without drying out the natural oils!



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Whatever your hair type or colour, you will find it softer and brighter after using this new Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Just pick up a bottle of Softasilk and see how the clear golden liquid moves with a slow, oil-rich movement. Its instant foam does not dry out the natural oils... in fact, it encourages the correct proportion. Start to-day with gentle, one-lather shampoo with Softasilk Golden Shampoo. Perfect for all types of hair!



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U146C

FATHER



"Now that you've seen how she looks early in the morning, why don't you go home?"

MOTHER



"But you never told me that I had to WET the washer!"

It seems to me

SINGER Joni James literally staggered porters recently with the trunk she took from America to Europe. It was five feet high.

It was easier, she said, to look after one piece of luggage than several bits.

With that remark Joni raised the forever unresolved argument about luggage — whether to travel light or to take everything you want.

The two plans are incompatible, even in these days of lightweight clothing.

I was brought up to believe that it was wise to travel with what, at a pinch, you could carry yourself.

The idea was that you alighted at some unattended railway siding (in my impressionable days that was the kind of travel I was accustomed to) and had no need for the non-existent porter.

Later I used to picture myself staggering away from derailed train, wrecked ship, or forced-landed plane, carrying a suitcase in one hand and an overnight bag in the other. When I was new on newspapers this dream entailed staggering across the trackless desert to a public telephone, where I phoned in the story of all time.

But the fact is that a 26in. suitcase, when fully loaded, is too heavy; that a typewriter requires a third hand; and that adventurous travel is relatively uncommon.

Instead of staggering across the desert you are biting your fingernails in a foreign hotel wishing you had brought another pair of shoes.

Finally I have come round to the view that you may as well take what you want, as long as you can afford the excess-baggage rate.

There is only one way for a lady to solve luggage problems easily, and the ability to do this is born with her, not acquired.

Either she looks like Ava Gardner or Sabrina or she doesn't.

If she does, some male will always appear from behind a cactus and find a porter—or, indeed, lug the luggage himself.

CAMBRIDGE scientists, states a report from Britain, are working on a technique to enable ordinary cattle to produce pedigree offspring.

Nothing so wonderful about that. Human parents are convinced that they do it all the time.

IN a recent issue of the London "Observer" there's a memorable quote from novelist E. M. Forster, interviewed just before his 80th birthday by Philip Toynbee.

Forster said: "I don't feel in the least hostile to younger people, or bothered about them. I don't understand them, but when I was young people didn't understand me. It's a perfectly natural process."

By



Dorothy Drann

CABLES report that a young scientist claims to have produced a plant that grows tomatoes among its foliage and potatoes on its roots.

For many years there have been predictions that science would eventually lead humans to synthetic foods. The prospect of life sustained by pills has always seemed dreary.

This all-purpose plant sounds a much more cheerful idea, and, combined with the news that the Russians have taken to hire-purchase (and thereby made a real step towards achieving a world united in harassment), it augurs a happier future.

WHEN the British Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, arrived in Moscow he wore a tall, white, furry hat. One correspondent, carried away by excitement, said the hat "achieved more for Anglo-Russian relations in ten minutes than diplomatic exchanges had achieved in a month."

The milliners, increasingly, were sunken in despair.

For, watching girls go dressed to town, what did they see but—hair?

Elaborate coiffures, shaggy bobs, lacquered or blowing free.

And every little milliner cried, "Woe and dearie me."

The hatters' upper lips grew stiff, and stiffer every year.

Demand grew less for natty felts, and boys refused to wear

A covering upon their heads, except some awful cap—

And then Macmillan, hip hooray, put headgear on the map.

His white fur hat brought smiles, applause, amid the Russian snows.

Becoming, yes; dramatic, too. What purpose served? Who knows?

Except, of course, it warmed his ears, so onlookers surmised.

And that's a quality in hats that shouldn't be despised.

The hatters and the milliners, their spirits soaring, said:

"You cannot beat, for smart effect, a covering on the head.

"His mission? Well, it doesn't seem that much will come of that,

"But businesswise, we're cheered to know—at least they liked his hat."

Why does Jill let BAD SKIN keep her at home?



Jill used to be the life and soul of so many parties. Now she stays at home sulking.

Reason? Jill's got skin trouble. She's wasting precious time waiting for her skin to improve. Somebody should tell Jill about Valderma Balm. One antiseptic can't kill all the germs causing troubles like spots, rashes, pimples, sores and eczema. That's why Valderma Balm contains two antiseptics. Often in a few days your skin is clear, healthy. Valderma is creamy, non-greasy, soothing. At chemists: tubes 2s. 6d., jars 3s. 6d.

Valderma Antiseptic Balm

I'M FIGHTING FIT AT FIFTY...



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Over the years I've found Ford Pills marvellous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most men feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

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ATTRACTIVE LEGS... DESPITE VARICOSE VEINS



thanks to

Scholl 2-WAY STRETCH NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

Superfine Scholl Surgical Nylons do these wonderful things. One, they completely hide varicose veins. Two, they become invisible under ordinary nylons. Three, they provide scientifically-accurate support, glorious relief from pain and discomfort. There's nothing to equal Scholl ladder-proof Surgical Nylons — prescribed by Doctors, acclaimed by women all over the world. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

ALSO SCHOLL 2-WAY STRETCH ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY

Sew it with DEWHURST'S

"SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST



AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

● Central Australian landmarks Pyramid Mountain (above) and Mount Olga (below) seen at their spectacular best from the air. Pyramid Mountain is one of a scattered group of flat-topped hills about 70 miles due south of Alice Springs. Dr. R. A. Westerman, of Canberra, took the picture during an emergency Flying Doctor flight. Mount Olga, also known as The Olgas, is a group of monoliths rising 1500ft. and covering 25 square miles. In the distance is Ayers Rock. Picture by Miss J. Hewitt, of Upper Chute, England.





Tip for a girl in love!

Your destiny — every woman's rightful destiny — is to be lovely, to love and be loved. But smart women don't leave it all up to Fate — they make sure of always looking their best. And, because your complexion is such an important part of looking your best, always remember you *can* look your loveliest with Three Flowers. For Three Flowers Face Powder is just revealing enough to permit your natural skin tones to show through — yet flattering enough to conceal imperfections and impart a smooth, even finish to your complexion.

Three Flowers won't streak or cake or change colour — it covers perfectly, clings like a second skin, safeguarding your loveliness through busy days and happy evenings. There are six enchanting shades to choose from — one of which will suit you perfectly. Ask for Three Flowers from your Chemist or store. There is no better face powder!

AND AS A FOUNDATION! As a perfect base for a lovely fragrant powder — to help keep your skin soft, smooth and healthy, try Three Flowers Vanishing Cream. Fragrance-matched to the powder.



Face Powder — 4/11 Vanishing Cream — 3/3

three flowers FACE POWDER AND VANISHING CREAM

THE MAKE-UP THAT HELPS DREAMS COME TRUE.

TF 102, 143

STEAK FOR BREAKFAST WINS £50

● Big breakfasts reduce the temptation of snacks between meals, says Mrs. K. M. Blackall, this week's £50 prize winner for the best reducing hint.

THIS week's £50 best hint on how to stick to a diet comes from Mrs. L. B. Arnold, of Brisbane, who counts all her calories early in the morning as she puts her food for the day on a tray.

The contest closes next Monday, March 9, and all entries have to be in the post that day.

Here are this week's winners:

Big meal early

THE most successful way to diet is to have the highest calorie meal as breakfast: Grilled steak and one poached egg, or grilled tomato and one slice of wholemeal bread.

At 11 o'clock I have one 5oz. glass of tomato juice and the lightest meal at night with no sweets of any kind — only a small amount of fresh fruit to give me my needed calories for the day's work.

One is less likely to eat snacks after a good breakfast.

I made myself a plastic overall and wore it while doing my housework. It was a great success and was like a turkish bath. It took off pounds.

£50 to Mrs. K. M. Blackall, 27 Hyman St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

Calorie counting

IN the mornings I prepare a tray of one day's food supply, counting the calories as I put it on the tray, with a limit of 1200. If anything has to be cooked, say meat or vegetables, I cook them while I make breakfast.

Then the tray is put in the fridge (salad in plastic container) and when I feel hungry I eat from the tray without having to worry about calories.

I have usually eaten everything by 3 p.m., but I have that wonderful full feeling and preparing dinner for the family is not an ordeal.

A typical day's menu is:

	Calories
2 cups tea (saccharine sweetened)	20
2 cups coffee (black)	practically nil
1 cup water with 1 teaspoon vegetable extract	practically nil
1 small glass non-fat milk	50
1 slice bread	75
2 dry biscuits	70
1oz. butter (some on bread—rest on biscuits)	230
1 boiled egg	90
2 lettuce leaves	10
2 tomatoes (medium)	24
2 or 3 slices cucumber	practically nil
1 stalk celery	2
1 tablespoon grated carrot	20
1oz. cheese (grated it looks more)	115
1 orange	50
1 chop (grilled)	400
1 tablespoon beans (cooked)	10
1 apple (stewed), no sugar	30
Total:	1196

£50 to Mrs. L. B. Arnold, 25 Meynell St., Salisbury S.6, Brisbane.

How to enter our DIET CONTEST

HOW do you diet? How do you stick to your diet? We award two prizes of £50 each week for:

1. The best reducing hint.
2. The best hint on how to stick to a diet.

The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the big £500 prize.

Closing date for entries is next Monday, March 9.

● Address your entries "Diet Hints," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

not tight, just so that I can feel it.

Then at mealtime the tape gets tighter and is a constant reminder that I am trying to slim. It is surprising how this feeling of tight clothing encourages one.

£2/2/- to Mrs. M. Burns, 4 Tingha St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

MY height is only five feet; therefore I must not weigh more than seven stone ten pounds.

Every morning I make a fair-sized bowl of fresh fruit salad, containing oranges, grapefruit, peaches, pineapple, watermelon, rockmelon, passionfruit (the latter three when in season), and any other fruits available. Never do I use bananas, for they are fattening.

About half of this salad I eat for breakfast, the rest I put in the refrigerator. If during the day I feel hungry between meals I have a few tablespoons of this salad instead of cake or biscuits.

£2/2/- to Mrs. A. Strudwick, 122 Goodman Rd., Elizabeth South, S.A.

EVERY time I feel like raiding the biscuit-tin or grabbing another helping of that lovely squashy cream cake I take myself off to the bathroom and brush my teeth thoroughly with a mint-flavored toothpaste.

The clean, minty taste left in the mouth takes away all desire for food. Snacks between meals can be cut out completely this way.

If you find you have time on your hands and decide to have a cup of tea and a biscuit to relieve the monotony, make tracks for the bath. A long, warm, relaxing bath will often take away your appetite for rich, fattening foods, and while you're soaking in the water you won't be much inclined to hop out as soon as possible and raid the larder — especially on a cold day.

£2/2/- to Mrs. L. Mallas, 24 Nobbs Rd., Yagoona, N.S.W.

Warm hearts in a cold climate

By
FREDA YOUNG,
staff reporter

● Warm friendliness and a cold climate were the two most vivid impressions which actor Ron Haddrick brought back from his recent trip to Russia.

HE was one of three Australians who went to Moscow and Leningrad with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company.

The others were Zoe Caldwell and stage manager Hal Rogers.

"While we were in Leningrad the temperature dropped to 50 degrees below freezing point," Ron said.

"Outdoors we wore blue-grey quilted parkas with fur collars and hoods, which we had hired from the R.A.F.

People friendly

"The Russians, mostly wearing fur coats, fur-lined boots, and fur hats, easily recognised us in the streets.

"They would come up to us and speak to us, many using excellent English.

"We had a wonderfully warm reception wherever we went.

"In the theatres the audiences paid us the compliment of staying in their seats while we took our bows—instead of rushing to the cloak-room as



RON HADDRIK with his wife, Lorraine, daughter Lynette, and the dolls he bought in Russia. The large doll is dressed in Ukrainian clothes.

soon as the final curtain dropped, as they usually do."

Ron Haddrick left South Australia five years ago after an audition with Anthony Quayle, who was touring Australia with the Stratford on Avon Players.

Soon after reaching England he joined the company and did small parts and understudies.

Last year he graduated to leading roles.

In the meantime he married

Lorraine Quigley, of Adelaide, and they now have a two-year-old daughter, Lynette.

On its Russian tour the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre company of 54 men and 16 women flew from Stratford on Avon to Moscow. From there they went by train to Leningrad.

They played in the new Palace of Culture in Leningrad, seating 2500, and in the Moscow Art Theatre No. 1, which seated 1200.

Odd hours

On the tour Ron played Horatio in "Hamlet," Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet," and Hubert in "King John."

"The dressing-rooms of the Palace of Culture were fairly bare, but large, roomy, and well lighted," Ron said.

"The Moscow Art Theatre rooms were lovely—carpeted and well furnished with easy chairs and a lounge.

"Matinees began at noon, so we would breakfast and take a bus straight to the theatre.

"We would lunch after the performance about 4.30 p.m., and dinner would be around midnight, after the show.

"We stayed at Intourist hotels, the Astoria in Leningrad and the Metropole in Moscow, and they were quite cheerful about the odd hours at which we ate.

"Some of the food was new to us. I never got used to eating raw bacon nor the almost raw eggs.

"When we asked to have eggs cooked longer, the Russians would say: 'Fancy eating stuff like that!'

"Meats were similar to ours—veal, chicken, and steak—and they had the best ice-cream in the world outside Australia."

When not performing them-

selves, the Stratford players visited Russian theatres. Ron saw three straight plays, the ballet, and the Children's Theatre in Leningrad.

"I went to the Children's Theatre with Michael Redgrave and saw a production of a fairy-tale, 'Two Maple Trees,' for children seven to eight years old," Ron said.

"They had an adult cast and a 12-piece orchestra. The acting was superb.

"As we came out Michael said: 'It was like seeing Alec Guinness playing the witch with all the other players equally good.'

"The theatre puts on plays only for schoolchildren from seven to 17 years of age and has a wide range from fairy-tales to the classics.

"The theatre, which gives two performances a day, seven days a week, is built in the style of the old Greek theatre with a semicircle of tiered seats round the stage.

"Moscow has two similar theatres."

Christmas party

As the Russians do not celebrate Christmas, Zoe Caldwell had a Christmas Eve party with decorations and all trimmings in her hotel room.

Guests lit candles, sang carols, and pulled crackers which Zoe had brought with her from England.

The company returned to England early in January, where Ron collected his small family and set sail almost immediately for home.

After a short holiday with his parents he is now in Sydney with a new stock company organised by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

His first appearance will be as John Tanner in "Man and Superman."



BACKSTAGE in Leningrad, three members of the touring company—Ron Haddrick (left), Edward Woodward, Paul Hardwick—with interpreter Olga.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 11, 1959



"Do-it-yourself" hands
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The hands of the "do-it-yourself" girl of today need very special care. Household chores are hard on the hands, causing loss of natural oils and moisture that are so essential to a fresh healthy skin. These lost oils and moisture are replaced by regular use of Nivea. Nivea contains Eucerite which absorbs moisture and carries it deep into the skin tissues where it can do the most good, keeping your hands soft, gentle and healthy. For lovely hands always, use Nivea daily.

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Have you enjoyed **NIVEA** beauty SOAP?



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THE BEST IS
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Now a Royal Routine
for you and all the family !

Johnson's BABY POWDER

BEST FOR BABY...BEST FOR YOU



HOSTS Mr. Frank Waring, Consul-General for the U.S.A. (left), and Mr. J. C. Britton, Canadian Commercial Counsellor (third from left), with Mr. and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen at the reception held at Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Britton's home to farewell the Australian Trade Delegation to North America.



ABOVE: Pam Hughes, of Bellevue Hill, with her fiancé, Bill Moses, of "Lochnaw," Coolah. Pam is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hughes and Bill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah. They plan to marry on June 3.



BRIDAL WALTZ. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koster dance at their wedding reception. The bride was formerly Diana Hanley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hanley, of Crookwell, and Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Koster, of Liverpool. The newlyweds will live at Coonamble.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cooper look through a life-belt at the dinner dance held on board the Italian liner Roma by the Pounds to Pennies committee in aid of the Food for Babies fund.



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Bruce Hudson and his fiancée, Carolyn Mayes, with her parents, Professor and Mrs. Bruce Mayes, who gave a party at their Double Bay home to announce the engagement.

HEAR that Caroline Fairfax and Phillip Simpson will have a small family wedding on April 17. Afterwards Lady Fairfax, Caroline's grandmother, will give a luncheon party at her home, "Fairwater," Double Bay.

Then in the evening more than 300 guests will attend a reception in honor of the young couple.

Caroline is the daughter of Mr. Warwick Fairfax and of Mrs. Elizabeth Fairfax (she and her ten-year-old son, Edward Gilly, will fly out from London for the wedding). Edward will be one of Caroline's attendants at the wedding, with her half-sister, eight-year-old Annalisa Fairfax, Prue Bavin, and Mrs. Peter Playfair.

Phillip is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Telford Simpson.

GAY "house-warming" party last week in Coral and

Ian Ackery's home at Vaucluse. Among the 60 guests were Coral's brother, Ken Coles, and his wife, the Bill Maxwells, and Mrs. Miles Little (Miles was on duty that night at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital).

I'VE just realised that the Show is only a fortnight or so away—and the first invitation to a Show party arrived this week. It's for the Australian Hereford's Society buffet dinner at the Australia Hotel on March 21.

YOUNGEST viewer at the Blake Prize exhibition last week was Stephen Coburn, aged three—his father, John Coburn, has two paintings in the exhibition at Mark Foy's.

Anne



YOUNG GUESTS (from left), Liza Eaton, of Edgecliff, her stepsister Caroline Spicer, and Ross Adair at Carolyn Mayes and Bruce Hudson's party.



Doctor's Assignment

AUTUMN sunshine came pouring through an open window, upon a breakfast table in Lowndes Square. Scrambled eggs, coffeepot, a rack of thin toast, a folded "Times," and a crumpled "Express" basked in it. London was fragrant on this Saturday morning. Thirlmere looked out of the window as a ripple ran through the trees in the Square, then across the table at his young wife.

"There'll be a nice breeze at Bosham," he smiled.

Clare smiled, too, but less confidently. "We can be there in a couple of hours if we start early," she said. "I've packed our food and everything; it's all in the boot. Did it last night?"

"Good girl." He sighed. "How long is it since we had a weekend's sailing?"

"Weeks. Months. Finish your breakfast, darling. I can't wait to get to the cottage. I've almost forgotten what it's—"

The telephone rang, sawing across their life as it so often did.

A look of pain crinkled her forehead. "Oh, no!" she wailed. "I couldn't bear it!"

Thirlmere walked leisurely over to the sideboard, putting on his professional frown. "Sir Godfrey Thirlmere," she heard him say, with that touch of pomp that was so unlike him. She could not make out what was being said at the other end of the wire.

"Yes . . . Yes, I see." He turned to her awkwardly. "I'd better take this in the study." He left the room.

For a moment she struggled with the temptation to pick up the receiver and listen in, but finally replaced it on its hook. She stared at it worriedly for a few moments, and lit a cigarette. Ten minutes later she chain-lit another.

The coffee was quite cold when he came

back. She knew that expressionless expression of his. "What is it?" she asked. "You've been talking for twenty minutes."

"They want me to go to Cairo." He bent, touched her hair and kissed her guiltily. "Sorry, sweetie. Bang goes the sailing weekend."

"But you're not a house surgeon on call any more!" she exploded. "You don't have to—"

"I do, I'm afraid." He looked down at the delicate oval of her face and sighed. He was remembering a photograph he had taken of her on their last sailing weekend, in shorts and wind-cheater, with a strand of dark hair blowing across her cheek. She was fifteen years younger than himself, and he needed much more of her youth than life allowed him. "It's our old friend and enemy the Emir Mahmoud." He folded the "Express" at a headline and a picture halfway down the front page and tossed it into her lap.

"That old crook!" Clare said bitterly. "As if his life was worth saving." She read the paragraph and looked up, puzzled. "It says the Emir's doctors are concerned about his general health," she said. "I should think so, after the life he's led. Surely that's no reason why—"

"Some well-meaning maniac took a pot shot at him a couple of years ago when he was on a State visit to Bagdad," Thirlmere grunted. "There's a splinter of lead the size of a date stone in his heart. Left ventricle."

"But he recovered," Clare frowned. "He's all right now, isn't he?"

"He's all right now," Thirlmere agreed. "Probably normal in every way—until that foreign body gets dislodged. Then he could pop off in half a minute. It means working right inside the heart."

Clare nodded silently. She had been a

nurse and understood enough of her husband's work to know that there were perhaps four—at most five—surgeons in the world who could do this operation.

"Why you?" she asked resentfully. "Why not Brock, or Manolescu, or someone from the Mahoney Clinic in Baltimore?"

He shrugged. "There seem to be reasons. Of course, I've operated on him before—a kidney job, when I was at G.H.Q., Middle East. He may have asked for me."

"Was it his Legation that rang?"

"No. That's what's so odd. It was Scotland Yard, and I have to go to a meeting at the Foreign Office first."

Clare gasped. "What on earth have Scotland Yard and the Foreign Office got to do with it?"

"I don't know, darling. But this isn't merely surgery. It's politics—and perhaps big business, too." Already he was taking off his tweed jacket, ready to change into a formal suit. "There's a telephone call booked from Cairo at half past twelve. If I'm not back by then, will you take it, Clare?"

"Of course. But, Godfrey, does this mean that you—that we can't—"

He nodded. "I'm afraid so, sweetie. They've chartered a plane for me—three-thirty this afternoon. Be an angel and pack a couple of suitcases for me, will you?"

In a block of flats in a north-eastern suburb of Bucharest, a small dark man of thirty-eight was preparing to go to bed. His hair was thin, his eyes shadowy, his face deeply lined. His movements, as he brushed his teeth and examined his face in a bathroom mirror, were those of a much older man.

He betrayed no surprise at all when he heard the doorbell ring abruptly. He merely

called to his wife, who was in bed, "All right, Vera, I'll go."

The man standing outside was in his early fifties, upright and brusque. "Doctor Manolescu?" he murmured. "I need your help. May I come in?"

Doctor Manolescu inclined his head uncertainly. "Of course. You are from the State Hospital?" He stood aside to let the stranger enter.

"No." The man wore a neat, light gray suit and a raincoat hung carelessly across his shoulders. "I am Colonel Radea, of the Ministry of Public Security."

A flicker of fear crossed Manolescu's face, but he controlled it. "Shall we talk in my office?" he muttered. "This way, please."

Colonel Radea looked round the poorly furnished room and lit a small cheroot. He offered one to the little doctor, who declined it.

"Dr. Manolescu, I dislike disturbing you at night, and you may be sure I would not do so but for a matter of extreme urgency."

Dr. Manolescu watched Radea steadily. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "The Prime Minister is ill, perhaps?"

"No." Radea sat down and twirled his cheroot nervously between his thumb and forefinger. "It is the Emir Mahmoud. His medical adviser wishes him to undergo an operation to remove a foreign body from his heart. You are no doubt familiar with the Emir's condition?"

Doctor Manolescu nodded. He was also familiar with the Emir, whose little Arabian State, dotted with the tents of his people and the oil derricks of other countries, stood on a precarious inlet of the Red Sea.

"Some agent of the Western Powers tried to liquidate him in Baghdad a year or two

ILLUSTRATED BY
PHILLIPS

A dramatic story of political intrigue

By ALAN JENKINS

ago," Colonel Radea went on lazily. Only the twirling cheroot betrayed his alertness. "He seems perfectly well and active, but he is not a young man, and his advisers think he should have the operation. Or, rather, one of his advisers thinks so. The other does not think so."

Doctor Manolescu's brows went up. "What kind of advisers are these?" he said contemptuously. "They sound more political than medical. Surely there cannot be the slightest doubt that he needs an operation?"

For the first time Colonel Radea permitted himself a friendly smile. "Not the slightest doubt, comrade surgeon." The smile was switched off as Radea took a long drag at his cheroot. "The only point for discussion is whether that operation should be successful."

"Should be?" The surgeon stared.

"Yes. Tell me, comrade surgeon. About what proportion of these operations are successful?"

"Over seventy per cent. nowadays," Manolescu said. "It's extremely difficult, of course. One has to remove a rib and then—"

"Yes, yes. That is your job, comrade surgeon," Radea interrupted. His face was tense despite the calmness of his voice. "My job is to tell you, quite bluntly, that if the Emir were to survive this—crisis, it would be a political embarrassment to all of us." He paused. "You follow me?"

Doctor Manolescu saw very clearly what Colonel Radea meant. The Emir, after flirting with both East and West, had sold out to the Western democracies. It was their oil wells that sprouted from the Emir's desert, their Army officers who advised the Emir on military defence and trained his troops, their money that had made the Emir the third richest man in the world.

When the Emir died, he would be succeeded by his son, Rahman Hussein. Rahman was a very different proposition from his father.

The Emir had fought with T. E. Lawrence in World War I, had believed in the English-speaking people and their mission to mankind, even though all Asia seemed to be rising against them. The Anglo-Saxons wanted oil, and could pay for it. They built their refineries, their weird tangles of polished pipes and retorts and cylinders, mile upon mile of them; built air-conditioned office blocks and avenues of bungalows for their workers. But otherwise they let well alone. They did not stir up trouble in the bazaars or try to alter the Arab way of life.

This was not how Rahman saw things. He was 24, educated at Harrow and the American University at Beirut, full of wild ambition and resentments. He saw his people as a modern, marching State, living in cities around the desert oases.

His people would join other Arab States, fight holy wars against the Christian West with guns and tanks and jet planes. They would seize the oil wells, expropriate their owners, and one day drive all the British and Americans into the sea.

Doctor Manolescu looked at Colonel Radea for a full minute without speaking. At last he said tremulously, "You can't mean it. You can't expect a surgeon to—"

"The State expects a surgeon to serve the State," Radea snapped. He added more kindly: "Even you, Doctor Manolescu. You are the victim of your own eminence, perhaps. You are the only surgeon in the world who can do this operation, I hear."

"Not true," Manolescu grunted. "There's Brock in London, and Thirlmere, too."

"Yet it is for you that the Emir's medical advisers have asked."

Doctor Manolescu gazed dully at a photograph of his wife and two children in a silver frame on his writing table. His body was rigid, his hands gripping the arms of his chair. Suddenly he burst out, "I won't do it! If you want to get rid of this man, why don't you have him assassinated in one of the usual ways? A bullet, a knife, a bomb, a neurotic student with political ideals!"

Colonel Radea laughed softly. "Not reliable enough. Too untidy. It failed in Bagdad, remember. Doctor Manolescu, listen, please. What we are asking you to do is simply to use your professional skill to assist the course of nature. The Emir cannot live much longer."

"Rubbish," the surgeon said. "Who is 'we,' anyhow?"

The Colonel spread his hands sadly. "I don't know. You don't know. We have orders from higher up. We don't ask questions. You know how it is nowadays."

Doctor Manolescu breathed in deeply. "You know that I could never think of doing what you ask."

The Colonel's mouth curled into a smile of, it seemed, pity. "And you, Doctor Manolescu, must know what will happen if you refuse. You have been in a labor camp—or detention, as it is called. You were a

To page 37

"What have politics to do with healing the sick?" Thirlmere asked the Emir.

"The State expects a surgeon to serve the State," Colonel Radea snapped. "Even you, Doctor Manolescu."

No Words for Love

A short story complete on this page

By **JOYCE
KIRKLAND**

SHE was undoubtedly the most beautiful girl Michael had ever seen. And he had seen some. He stood alone at the far end of the gallery apparently studying the paintings but looking in fact at the honey-colored blonde in the pale blue coat.

Her smiling mouth, her perfect skin, and large amber eyes held Michael in a state of enchantment that was most disturbing.

Although he was a famous artist he had never overcome his shyness with women, and he always felt most inadequate when he met an attractive girl.

Aware that his steady gaze might attract attention, Michael turned to the paintings again, working round as if drawn by a magnet to the corner where she stood in conversation with her tall, almost too handsome companion.

"Your appointment caused quite a ripple on the still, quiet waters of the Art School, I can tell you," he was saying. "The last time a woman held the job was back in 1926, and, I'm told, she wore lisle stockings, brogues, a bun, and was sixty."

Michael heard her laugh, a sound that for the briefest second almost succeeded in making him speak to her on the flimsiest pretext.

But habit was stronger than impulse, and he stood quite still watching them walk out of the gallery into the street beyond.

Out of his thoughts and his life—the woman of a moment, whom he felt he would remember always.

Michael walked slowly back to his hotel. Was this the much-abused emotion called love?

As the feeling of inadequacy slipped away he wondered why he had to wait until he was thirty years old before he found love—and then in an unimportant art gallery of a small English market town during a fortnight's painting holiday.

His pace quickened, and in imagination he became Michael Johns, student, sitting in class with Miss Beautiful Blank, art teacher.

Tomorrow, if this triumphant mood lasted, he would know her name.

The name, he discovered on enrolment at the Art School, was Miss Margaret Mackenzie. Looking round the room full of eager-faced young men, Michael felt very old.

His only thought had been to stake a claim on the beautiful Miss Mackenzie, but he hadn't reckoned that he'd have to share her with some twenty kids.

What if he discovered that he could not draw? Or worse, would someone recognise him?

If Miss Mackenzie had been two seconds later, she would have collided with one of her students in headlong flight. Instead, while he had his hand on the door, she spoke to him first.

"Good evening, are you the new student, Mr. . . . ?"

Michael colored. It only needed this. He had forgotten the name under which he had enrolled.

"Smithers . . ." he stammered, remembering at last.

"Now, Mr. Smithers," she said,

"I would like you to join this group . . ."

At least he was over the first hurdle. Neither she nor any of the students had recognised him.

By the end of the week he had joined a more advanced group of students. Michael saw to it that his progress was sufficiently outstanding to be noticed, but not meteoric enough to make Margaret suspicious.

He wondered whether he had been subtle enough when at the end of the Friday class she asked him: "Would you care to join the sketching group on Sunday?"

"I would like to come very much and I am flattered that you have asked me." The ease with which he spoke pleased him.

What a fool he had been all these years to think he needed words to tell a woman what was on his mind.

Until Sunday he prayed for a fine day.

In the pale sunlight he thought she looked as poised and beautiful as on their first meeting.

When she came to him, she bent over to be at the same eye level. Her right arm came against his shoulder and he felt the warmth of her body.

Her hair, as she leaned forward, brushed his face and the scent of it in his nostrils numbed his mind and body to all sensations except a great and overwhelming need for her.

"Margaret!" the one word was hardly audible as he turned his head slightly and felt the warmth and softness of her cheek on his own.

He felt her stiffen and draw away. He stared unseeing at the board in front of him, and waited for her to speak.

"Don't make a habit of that, Mr. Smithers. To say the least, it's indiscreet."

Silently he watched her walk away and rejoin the students.

Worse still, when they got back to the town she introduced him to her boy-friend, Charles, who announced that Michael's face seemed very familiar.

The only thing to do was to return to London before Charles succeeded in linking his face with his name.

Michael had no illusions that he would be happy in London.

At the end of the month an important Bond Street gallery was holding an exhibition of his latest work and he wanted to finish a painting for it.

Once back in his studio, he worked through every hour of daylight.

He thought the long hours and strain of the past few weeks were playing tricks with his sanity when, on the second day of the exhibition, he saw her standing at the far end of the gallery.

"And what happened to you? I missed you." Her voice was indignant when he reached her. But by the warmth of her expression it was obvious to Michael that she still thought he was Mr. Smithers, runaway student.

"Margaret, there is so much I must tell you. Will you have dinner with me?"



"Would you care to join the sketching group on Sunday?" Margaret asked Michael.

is through my work. So look, darling," the endearment came easily, "go through that door and don't come back for five minutes—perhaps then there'll be no need for words."

Silently Margaret opened the door and stood stock still for a full minute before an easel which held an exquisite painting of a girl. The painting was of herself.

As she turned back to him her eyes shone with tears.

"But, Michael, it's absolutely wonderful. Apart from that I don't know what to say."

"That makes two of us," he said. "Will you believe me now that I love you?"

"I think I must believe it. There's no other way—memory alone couldn't produce that." She turned again to the painting.

"Only the memory born of love. Then it becomes a reality, and the image is in your mind and in your heart. You learn to live with it, every minute of the day, and when you can't sleep at night . . . Margaret! I'm actually talking!"

Michael swung her round with triumph in his eyes.

"Don't stop!" she said.

"But what more is there to say?"

"This has been the end of the story, darling. I still want to hear the beginning . . ."

(Copyright)

"I'd love to, Michael."

It was the first time she had used anything but the ridiculous Smithers.

"How long have you been in town?"

"We came today. We did the Tate this morning, the National this afternoon, and we just couldn't go back without coming here. What do you think of Michael Johns' work?"

"Well, I can hardly judge . . . " "I think it's absolutely superb. The critics are raving about him, too."

"Mr. Johns? Sir Harold would like to see you, sir." A gallery attendant had addressed Michael.

"Tell Sir Harold that I shall come in a few moments," Michael replied, but his eyes did not leave Margaret's face.

He saw her frown momentarily, her lips part, and heard the swift intake of her breath. Then with a look of utter contempt she turned and walked to the door.

"Margaret, please let me explain."

"I don't want to hear—for the simple reason I don't care enough any more to be curious."

"I am in love with you, Margaret."

Michael's voice was low, completely without emotion. Only his eyes pleaded with her to believe him.

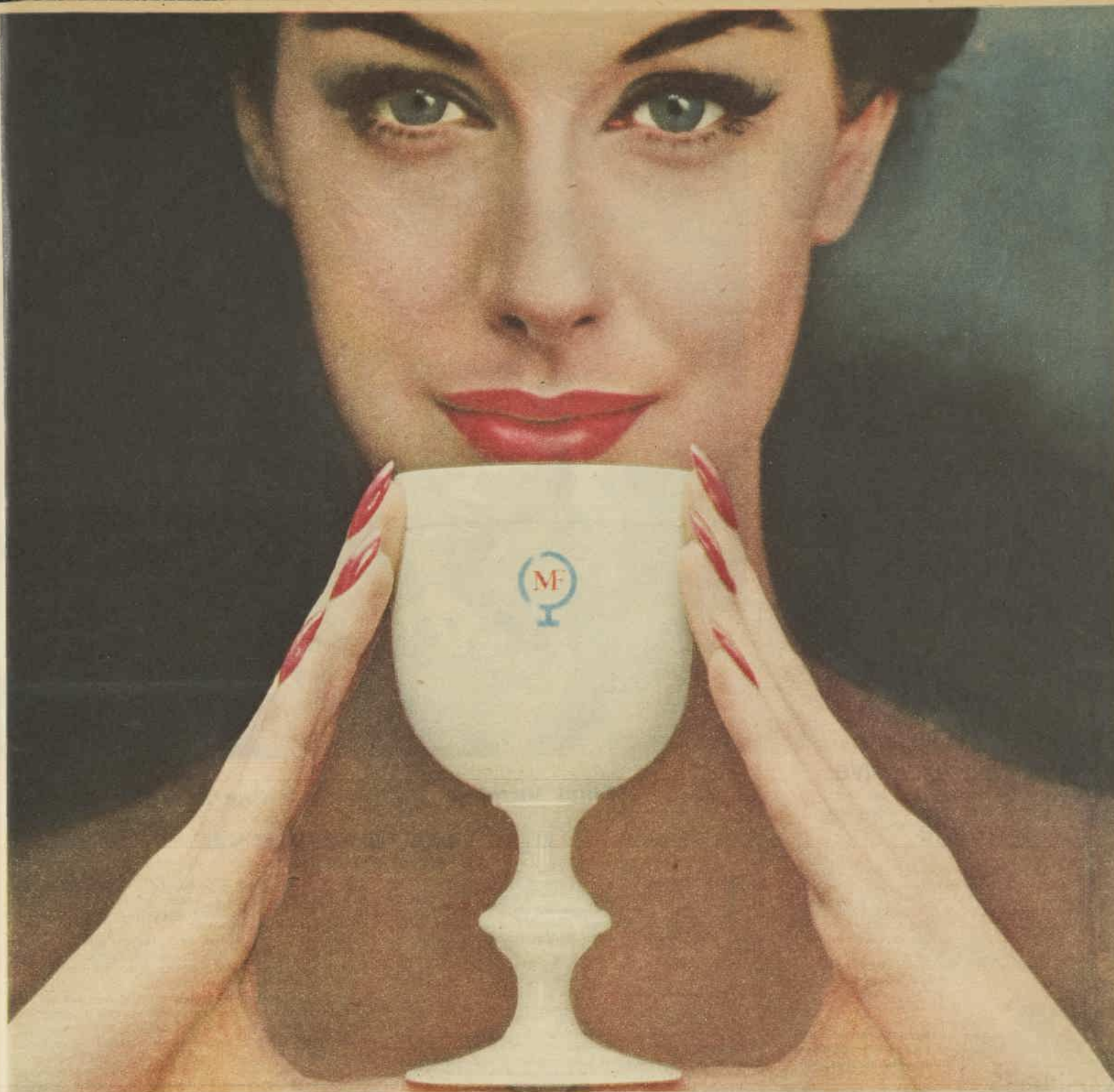
After a while she spoke, her voice uncertain. "That still doesn't explain . . ."

"Look, you probably gathered by now that I'm not much good with words," Michael interposed. "But if you will still have dinner with me tonight I'll tell you everything."

Michael scribbled his studio address on the cover of her catalogue. "There in half an hour," he said, losing himself in the crowd so that she had no chance to refuse.

Later that evening, in his flat, she took the glass of sherry he offered her, and said: "Well, Michael?"

"The only way I can really talk



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1959

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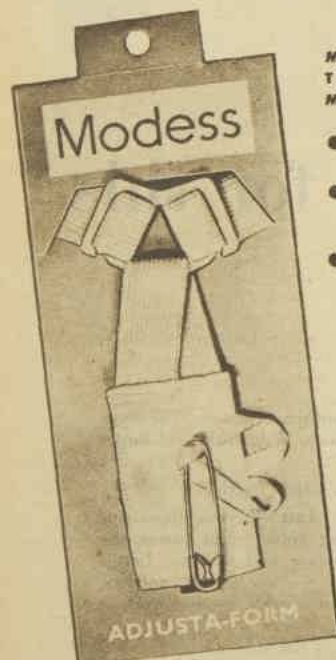
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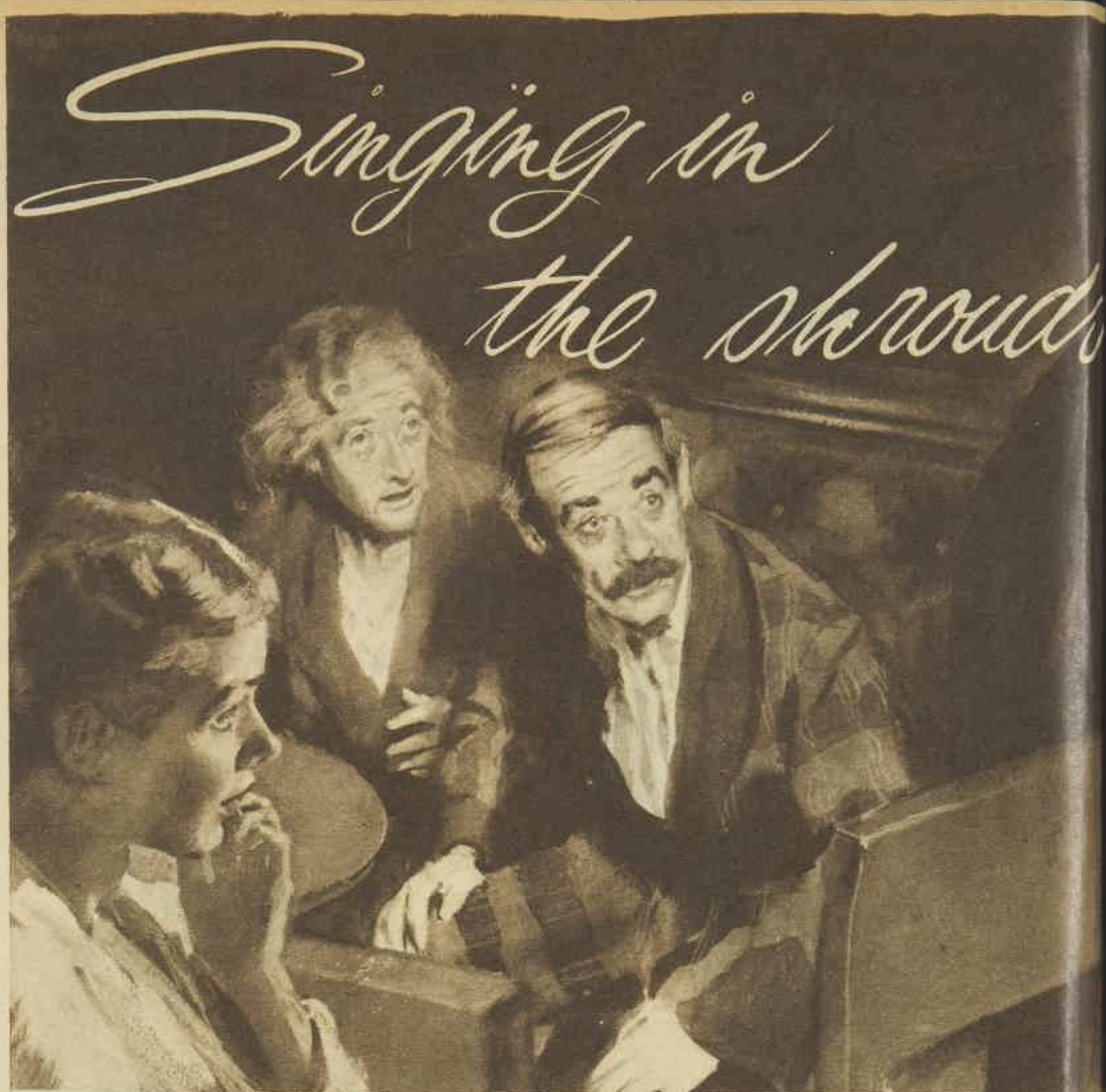
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PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



Final instalment of our exciting serial

By **NGAIO MARSH**

THE passengers sat at one end of the lounge behind shut doors and drawn blinds. Out of force of habit each had gone to his or her accustomed place and the scene thus was given a distorted semblance of normality. Only Mr. Merryman was absent. And, of course, Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

Alleyn himself had visited the unattached men in their cabins. Mr. Merryman had been peacefully and very soundly asleep, his face blank and rosy, his lips parted, and his hair ruffled in a cockscomb. Alleyn decided for the moment to leave him undisturbed. Shutting the door quietly, he crossed the passage. Mr. McAngus, in vivid pyjamas, had been doing something with a small brush to his hair, which was parted in the middle and hung in dark elf locks over his ears. He had hastily slammed down the lid of an open box on his dressing-table and turned his back on it.

Aubyn Dale, fully dressed, was in his sitting-room. He had a drink in his hand and apparently he had been standing close to his door, which was not quite shut. His manner was extraordinary—at once defiant, terrified, and expectant. It was obvious also that he was extremely drunk. Alleyn looked at him for a moment and then said, "What have you been up to?"

"I? Have a drink, dear boy! What d'you mean, up to?" He swallowed the remains of his drink and poured out another.

"Where have you been since you left the lounge?"

"What the devil's that got to do with you?" He lurched towards Alleyn and peered into his face. "Who the hell," he asked indistinctly, "do you think you are?"

Alleyn took him in the regulation grip. "Come along," he said, "and find out."

He marched Dale into the lounge and deposited him in the nearest chair.

Tim Makepiece had fetched Brigid and Mrs. Cuddy. Mr. Cuddy, recovered from his faint, had been allowed to change into pyjamas and dressing-gown, and looked ghastly.

Captain Bannerman, lowering and on the defensive, stood beside Alleyn.

He said, "Something's happened tonight that I never thought to see in my ship, and a course of action has to be set to deal with it."

He jerked his head at Alleyn. "This gentleman will give the details. He's a Scotland Yard man and his name's A'leen, not Broderick, and he's got my authority to proceed."

Nobody questioned or exclaimed at this announcement. It was merely accorded a general look of worried bewilderment. The captain nodded morosely at Alleyn and then sat down and folded his arms.

Alleyn said, "Thank you, sir." He was filled with anger against Captain Bannerman, an anger not unmingled with compassion and no more tolerable for that. At least half the passengers were scarcely less irritating.

They were irresponsible, they were helpless, two of them were profoundly silly, and one of them was a murderer. He took himself sharply to task and began to talk to them.

He said, "I shan't, at the moment, elaborate, or explain the statement you've just heard. You will, if you please, accept it. I'm a police officer. A murder has been committed and one of the passengers in this ship, almost certainly, is responsible."

Mr. Cuddy's smile, an incredible phenomenon, was stamped across his face like a postmark. His lips moved. He said with a kind of terrified and incredulous jocosity, "Oh, go on!" His fellow passengers looked appalled, but Mrs. Cuddy dreadfully and incredibly tossed her head and said, "Mrs. Blick, isn't it? I suppose it's a remark I shouldn't pass, but I must say that with that type of behaviour—"

"No!" Father Jourdain interposed very strongly. "You must stop. Be quiet, Mrs. Cuddy!"

"Well, I must say!" she gasped and turned to her husband. "It is Mrs. Blick, Fred, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

Alleyn said, "It will become quite apparent before we've gone very much farther who it is. The victim was found a few minutes ago by Mr. Cuddy. I am going to take statements from most of you. I'm sorry I can't confine the whole business to the men only and I hope to do so before long. Possibly it's less distressing for the ladies, who are obviously not under suspicion, to hear the preliminary examination than it would be for them to be kept completely in the dark."

He glanced at Brigid, white and quiet, sitting by Tim and looking very young in a cotton dressing-gown and with her hair tied back. Tim, when he fetched her from her cabin, had said, "Biddy, something rather bad has happened to somebody in the ship. It's going to shock you, my dear."

She had answered, "You're using the doctor's voice that means somebody has died." And after looking into his face for a moment: "Tim—? Tim, can it be the thing I've been afraid of? Is it that?"



When the figure of Mrs. Dillington-Blick appeared behind the glass doors the man screamed and leapt towards her.

He told her that it was and that he was not able just then to say anything more. "I've promised not," he had said. "But don't be frightened. It's not as bad as you'll think at first. You'll know all about it in a few minutes and—I'm here, Biddy."

So he had taken her to join the others and she sat beside him, watching and listening to Alleyn.

He turned to her now. "Perhaps," he said, "Miss Carmichael will tell me at once when she went to her cabin."

"Yes, of course," she said. "It was just after you left. I went straight to bed."

"I saw her to her door," Tim said, "and heard her lock it. It was still locked when I returned just now."

"Did you hear or see anything that seemed out of the way?" Alleyn asked her.

"I heard—I heard voices in here and—somebody laughed and then screamed, and there were other voices shouting. Nothing else."

"Would you like to go back to your cabin now? You may if you'd rather."

She looked at Tim. "I think I'd rather be here."

"Then stay. Miss Abbott, I remember that you came in here from outside on your way to your cabin. Where had you been?"

"I walked once round the deck," she said, "and then I leaned over the rails on the, I think, starboard side. Then I came in for a few minutes."

"Did you meet or see or hear anyone?"

"Nobody."

"Was there anything at all, however slight, that you noticed?"

"I think not. Except—"

"Yes?"

"When I'd passed the verandah and turned, I thought I smelt cigarette smoke. Turkish. But there was nobody about."

"Thank you. When you left here, I think Father Jourdain walked to your door with you?"

"Yes. He saw me go in, I suppose. Didn't you, Father?"

"I did," said Father Jourdain. "And I heard you lock it. It's the same story, I imagine."

"Yes, and I'd rather stay here, too," said Miss Abbott.

"Are you sure?" Father Jourdain asked. "It's not going to be very pleasant, you know. I can't help feeling, Alleyn, that the ladies—"

"It would be much less pleasant for the ladies," Miss Abbott said grimly, "to swelter in their cabins in a state of terrified ignorance." Alleyn gave her an appreciative look.

"Very well," he said. "Now, Mrs. Cuddy, if you please. Your cabin faces forward and to the starboard side and is next to Mr. McAngus. You and your husband went to it together. Is that right?" Mrs. Cuddy, who, unlike her hus-

band, never smiled, turned her customary fixed stare upon Alleyn. "I don't see that it matters," she said, "but I retired with Mr. Cuddy, didn't I, dear?"

"That's right, dear."

"And went to bed?"

"I did," she said in an affronted voice.

"But your husband evidently did not go to bed?"

Mrs. Cuddy said after a pause and with some constraint, "He fancied a dip."

"That's right. I fancied it. The prickly heat was troubling me."

"I told you," Mrs. Cuddy said without looking at him, "it's unwholesome in the night air and now see what's happened. Fainting. I wouldn't be surprised if you hadn't caught an internal chill and with the trouble you've been having—"

Alleyn said, "So you changed into bathing trunks?"

"I don't usually go in fully dressed," Mr. Cuddy rejoined. His wife laughed shortly and they both looked triumphant.

"Which way did you go to the pool?"

"Downstairs, from here, and along the lower deck."

"On the starboard side?"

"I don't know what they call it," Mr. Cuddy said contemptuously. "Same side as our cabin."

"Did you see anything of Miss Abbott?"

"I did not," Mr. Cuddy said, and managed to suggest that there might be something fishy about it.

Miss Abbott raised her hand.

"Yes, Miss Abbott?"

"I'm sorry, but I do remember now that I noticed someone was in the pool. That was when I walked round the deck. It's a good way off and down below; I didn't see who it was. I'd forgotten."

"Never mind. Mr. Cuddy, did you go straight into the pool?"

"It's what I was there for, isn't it?"

"You must have come out almost at once."

There was a long pause. Mr. Cuddy said, "That's right. Just a cooler and out."

"Please tell me exactly what happened next."

He ran the tip of his tongue round his lips. "I want to know where I stand. I've had a shock. I don't want to go letting myself in for unpleasantness."

"Mr. Cuddy's very sensitive," his wife added quickly.

"There's been things said here that I don't fancy. I know what the police are like. I'm not going to talk regardless. Pretending you was a cousin of the company's!"

Alleyn said, "Did you commit this crime?"

"There you are! Asking me a thing like that."

Mrs. Cuddy said, "The ideal!"

"Because if you didn't, you'll do well to speak frankly and truthfully."

"I've got nothing to conceal."

"Very well, then," Alleyn said patiently, "don't behave as if you had. You found the body. After a fashion you reported your discovery. Now, I want the details. I suppose you've heard of the usual warning. If I was thinking of charging you I'd be obliged to give it."

"Don't be a fool, man," Captain Bannerman suddenly roared out. "Behave yourself and speak up."

"I'm ill. I've had a shock."

"My dear Cuddy," Father Jourdain said, "I'm sure we all realise that you've had a shock. Why not get your story over and free yourself of responsibility?"

"That's right, dear. Tell them and get it over. It's all they deserve," said Mrs. Cuddy mysteriously.

"Come along," Alleyn said. "You left the pool and you started back. Presumably you didn't return by the lower deck but by one of the two companion ladders up to this deck. Which one?"

"Left hand."

"Port side," the captain muttered irritably.

"That would bring you to within a few feet of the verandah and a little to one side of it. Now, Mr. Cuddy, do go on like a sensible man and tell me what followed."

But Mr. Cuddy was reluctant and evasive. He reiterated that he had had a shock, wasn't sure if he could exactly recall the sequence of events, and knew better than to let himself in for a grilling.

His was the sort of behaviour that is a commonplace in the experience of any investigating officer, but in this instance, Alleyn was persuaded, it arose from a specific cause. He thought that Mr. Cuddy hedged, not because he mistrusted the police on general grounds, but because there was something he urgently wished to conceal. It became increasingly obvious that Mrs. Cuddy, too, was prickly with misgivings.

"All right," Alleyn said. "You are on the ladder. You climb up it and your head is above the level of the upper deck. To your right, quite close and facing you, is the verandah. Can you see into the verandah?"

Mr. Cuddy shook his head.

"Not at all?"

He shook his head.

"It was in darkness? Right. You stay there for some time. Long enough to leave quite a large wet patch on the steps. It was still there some minutes later when I looked at them. I think you actually may have sat down on a higher step."

To page 43

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Are you *Really* in love?



20 WAYS TO QUIZ YOUR HEART YES NO

1. Would you rather go to a local movie with him than to a gala first night in the city with somebody else? _____
2. Does a chore (like taking his talkative mother for a day's shopping) become a joy because you're doing it for him? _____
3. If the one you love is away for the weekend, are you content to be by yourself without feeling the need for a date? _____
4. Does time always seem too short when you're together? _____
5. Can you discuss anything with him? _____
6. Are you proud when he is the centre of attraction? _____
7. If you have a dress he dislikes, will you stop wearing it? _____
8. Would you be jealous if you discovered he was keeping old love-letters from an ex-girl? _____
9. Do you make a real effort to like his friends? _____
10. Would you swallow your disappointment and settle for a weekend in a hotel if for lack of money or a business crisis he cancelled your Singapore honeymoon? _____
11. Would you mind if he went away fishing without you? _____
12. Would it disturb you if he were away for a week's business trip and never wrote to you? _____
13. Do you laugh a lot when you're with him? _____
14. Are you always proud to introduce him to your friends? _____
15. Would you look forward to cooking for him each day? _____
16. Would you think he's lucky to have a pretty secretary? _____
17. When he kisses you, do you feel more beautiful than Grace Kelly and Sophia Loren rolled into one? _____
18. In a roomful of people, do you always know where he is? _____
19. Would you give up a promising career if he wanted you to? _____
20. Can you think of him in terms of paying the bills and disciplining the children? _____

Check your score



TALLY your total score after checking the 20 answers below. A score of 100 means you are *really* in love; from 75 to 100 means you are really in love but should keep working at it. Below 75—could be you're in love with love but have the wrong man.

1. Would you rather go to a local movie with him than to an opening night with somebody else?

Of course you would. If you're really in love, anything else is inconceivable.

Score 5 points for Yes.

2. Does a chore become a joy because it's for him?

One of the attributes of true love is to give of yourself to the full measure of your capacity. It is only when you are not really in love that the unpleasant facets of the chore become burdensome. Then resentment starts creeping in.

Score 10 points for Yes.

3. If the one you love is

away for the weekend, are you content to be by yourself?

Ideally, your answer should be Yes, but if you gave an honest No answer it doesn't have dire implications. If you are young, you have established a pattern, started in your teens, of filling your weekends with activities. Deprived of the one you love best, it is not at all unnatural that you should want to fill the gap by spending the evening with a congenial friend.

Score 2 points for Yes.

4. Does there never seem to be enough time with him?

The question is awkwardly worded. Your answer should

be Yes — there never does seem to be enough time when you're with him. This is an important point. If you frequently wish he'd leave, it's a bad omen for your life together. On the other hand, courting time is apt to run along at fever-pitch and this can be exhausting. The reason for your Yes or No is important.

Score 5 points for Yes.

5. Can you discuss anything with him?

Don't worry too much if you have some reservations about answering Yes to this one. With some people who are really in love, it takes the

oneness of marriage to remove all barriers in conversation.

Score 3 points for Yes.

6. Are you proud if he's the centre of attention at a party? Indeed, you should be. When you are deeply in love, you glory in the popularity of your beloved. This is a healthy form of possessiveness.

Score 5 points for Yes.

7. If he dislikes a dress, will you stop wearing it?

If you're head-over-heels you probably will — and you're a smart girl. Try not to wear it when you're with him, but there's no reason to donate it to charity.

Score 2 points for Yes.

8. Would you be jealous if you found he was keeping love-letters from an ex-girl?

You should be! A normal spurt of good old-fashioned jealousy is nothing to be ashamed of, provided it has provocation. The trick is to cope with the situation lightly. Never act like a shrew, even if you feel like one.

Score 10 points for Yes.

9. Do you make a real effort to like his friends?

Of course you should. But if, after a valiant try, some of them don't seem worth further effort discuss the stumbling-blocks with him.

Score 2 points for Yes.

10. Would you swallow your disappointment and settle for a weekend in a hotel if for sound reasons he cancelled your Singapore honeymoon?

Yes. Yes. Yes. This would be a manifestation of the generosity of your spirit, a very valuable asset in building a good marriage.

Score 10 points for Yes.

11. Would you be understanding if he went off on a fishing trip without you?

You should be. A man needs to get off occasionally into the uncomplicated climate of a man's world. However, if you are drowned in the ecstasies of your own true love, it's not unusual if you find yourself resenting his voluntarily absenting himself from you. Just don't make an issue of it.

Score 3 points for Yes.

12. Would it disturb you if he were away for a week's trip and never wrote to you?

Some men are simply no good at letter-writing. Perhaps he has other ways of showing you how much he loves you. Don't demand superficial confirmation of his love.

Score 2 points for Yes.

13. Do you laugh a lot when you are with him?

Yes! It's FUN to be in love.

Score 10 points for Yes.

14. Are you always proud to introduce him to your friends?

Yes. One is never apologetic of one's beloved. But don't worry if you're nervous about a thin-lipped aunt's reaction to his droopy socks.

Score 3 points for Yes.

15. Would you look forward to cooking for him each day?

Your degree of enthusiasm depends on your love of cooking. It would be nice if you gave a loud Yes, but not vital.

Score 3 points for Yes.

16. Would you think he was lucky if he got an attractive secretary?

Lucky you if you sing out with a truthful Yes—because an attractive secretary can be helpful to his career. But you are the one who is wearing his ring. Remember this.

Score 3 points for Yes.

17. When he kisses you, do you feel more beautiful than Grace Kelly and Sophia Loren rolled into one?

You should!

Score 5 points for Yes.

18. In a roomful of people, do you know where he is?

Funny thing, but people in love always do know where the other is. It isn't just checking up, either — simply a happy need to be aware of the other's whereabouts.

Score 5 points for Yes.

19. Would you give up a career if he wanted you to?

Tricky question. Depends upon too many circumstances. The wisdom of his wishes and the fairness of his motives determine your answer.

Score 2 points for Yes.

20. Can you think of him in terms of paying the bills and disciplining the children?

This is a must.

Score 10 points for Yes.



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ALCOVE KITCHEN doubles as a bar. Light ceiling panels, with butterfly motif, are a big attraction. Here owner-builder Larry Vita serves two guests from his well-stocked cellar, which is below the waterline.



FISHING WELL under the lounge-room carpet provides a rainy-day diversion from the comfort of an easy chair. The well also contains a battery for starting one of the boat's three concealed outboard motors.

A dreamboat called Driftwood

*Pictures and story by
ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff*

● The elegant yachts of Aristotle Onassis and Sir Bernard and Lady Docker may be more seaworthy, but a houseboat on Long Island, New York, surely has them all beaten for comfort.

"BE as comfortable afloat as in your own home," says its builder, Larry Vita, in a gross understatement.

Vita has actually made his floating home more luxurious, room for room, than some of the Long Island mansions overlooking his mooring in that swanky harbor.

And he can do what his neighbors cannot. When he tires of the scenery he has only to weigh anchor to try other places and faces.

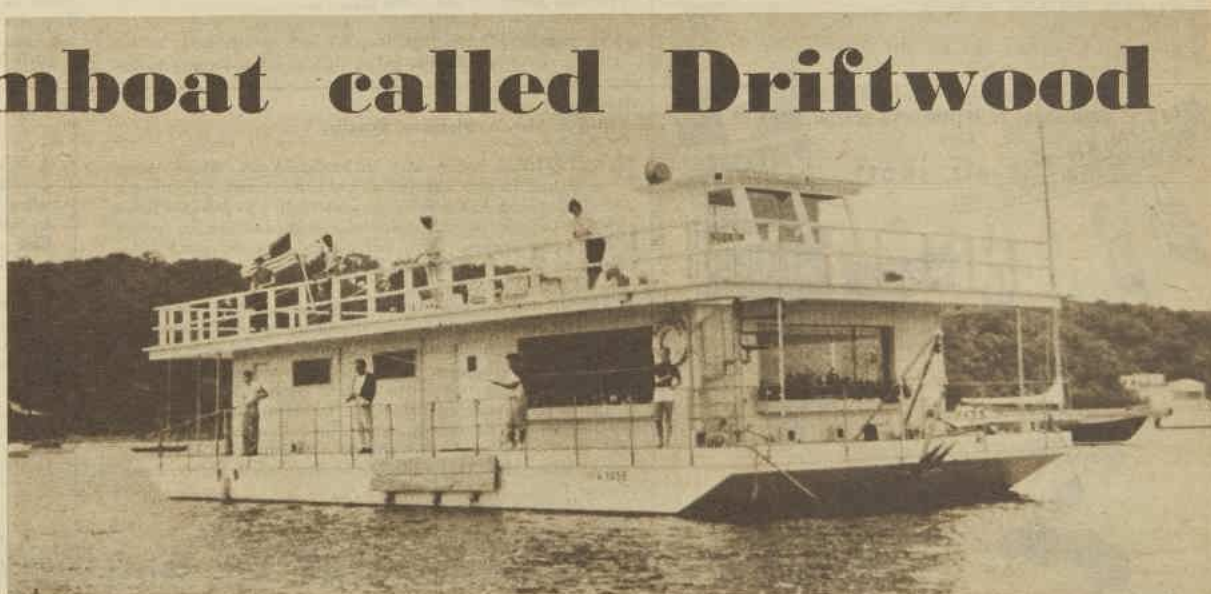
The houseboat interior is most un-nautical. This is understandable, because Vita had never set foot in a boat until three years ago, when he conceived the vessel he calls Driftwood.

Vita's home, on a tremendously solid hull, is a two-bedroom ranch-house, 60ft. long, 28ft. wide. It has a carpeted lounge, a large wood-burning fireplace, built-in kitchen appliances (including a wall oven), a hi-fi sound system, and two tiled bathrooms.

Although he has a well-stocked refrigerator and freezer, Vita has given a thought to self-sufficiency: there's a fishing-hole in the middle of the lounge-room floor.

A professional house-builder, Vita built his floating home in spare time over the past 15 months. He estimates it is worth nearly £27,000—at least, that is the price he is charging for replicas, and there are plenty of customers.

As a 40-year-old bachelor given to large parties, Vita built his houseboat with plenty of sitting and spare sleeping accommodation. The couches which line the lounge-room convert at a touch into beds, and even the



DRIFTWOOD, 60ft. luxury houseboat, has cedar-panelled lounge (right) 32ft. by 24ft., with push-button-operated picture windows.

bedrooms are furnished with convertible sofas.

Driftwood is powered by three 60-horsepower outboard motors concealed within the hull. The lounge-room fishing-hole is the hatch for one of the motors. Vita gets at it by unzipping the inch-thick carpeting and folding back the hatch doors.

The top deck is open, except for the pilot-house, where the helmsman can control each of the motors individually.

Comfortable living aboard is encouraged by an inter-communication system between bridge, bar, and lounge. Five telephones are placed strategically in colors that match the decor.

Ship-to-shore service costs Vita little more than a domestic telephone service.

Vita's lounge-room has the most practical picture-windows in North America. There are three, affording an excellent view of whatever happens to be around. At the touch of a switch, a motor lowers each window, automatically sliding bronze wire screens into place.

Driftwood's top speed is about ten knots, and she cruises at seven knots—just the right speed, Vita says, for driving girl-friends home.



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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

SOME English schools are offering a course in domestic science for boys, which is optional. To my way of thinking this is a grand idea. As well as breaking down a feeling that cooking is purely a feminine pursuit, think of the advantage to a young lad away from home, and perhaps living on a small income as a student. In later life it is also a very handy achievement if at some time he is left to his own resources. Eating out can become very tiresome and expensive. I like the idea of an optional course and feel it could be introduced to Australian schools.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. M. Jarvis, South Tamworth, N.S.W.

HAVE you ever thought of making your child's birthday his "special event" without the expensive "little touch" of a few friends in for afternoon tea? Several years have gone by since I hit upon the idea of allowing the birthday child to choose the day's menu—also his choice of birthday cake, invariably rainbow. Father joins in the spirit of the occasion, and even if the meal isn't exactly of the solid variety, the kids love it.

10/6 to Mrs. V. Craven, Eight Mile Plains, Qld.

MINDS like mine are bewildered at the production of man-made "satellites," at the wonderful discoveries by scientists, at the amazing cures their work is making possible. But what poor ungrateful fools they make us look when we still condone open rubbish carts, uncovered meat in trays open to dirt and flies, careless handling of food in shops, bread left on doorsteps, glasses dipped in cold water to "wash" them at races, sports, etc. We don't even try to prevent our ills.

10/6 to Beryl Penwill, Glen Iris, Vic.

ONE dentist I know has installed a goldfish tank in his surgery. Psychologists claim that goldfish have a soothing effect on the nerves. Maybe adults will benefit as well as children.

10/6 to Mrs. A. McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

RECENTLY I had a stay in hospital, and, whilst there, a girl of 13 was admitted to the adult ward. How much nicer if hospitals had a ward for the 12-16 age-group. These girls are too old for the children's wards and far too young to be among women. Why not a ward of their own?

10/6 to Mrs. M. Collins, Cessnock, N.S.W.

I AM the mother of a retarded son, who, being an invalid pensioner and unable to do any heavy manual work, finds time hanging on his hands. He loves doing jobs with wool—tea-cosies, kettle-holders, etc., and his work is really good. Wool being so dear we find it hard to cope with his demands. If any readers could send to me, for him, any leftovers of wool it would be deeply appreciated, and if names and addresses are enclosed I will willingly send the cost of postage.

Sent in by Mrs. M. Kendall, 2 Hollingsworth Street, Launceston, Tas.

AS a learner-driver I am disgusted at the lack of understanding shown by more experienced drivers. As former learner-drivers, they appear to forget that a honk on the horn serves to hinder rather than help a nervous driver.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Hall, Mont Albert, Vic.

WOULD any reader who can feed and clothe a family of seven on £7 per week please write out their expenditure, giving full details? My husband thinks £7 is adequate for any household. If by chance you include stew in the menu, husband will not eat it. Consequently, something else must be provided for him at this meal.

10/6 to "Home Economist" (name supplied), Blacksmith, N.S.W.

Starting school

COULD anything be more sickening than the letter from Mrs. Prendergast (4/2/59) in which she described her children's introduction to school as a "soul-searing experience." This should be an exciting new adventure to the child, and why it should call for "painful adjustment" is beyond the understanding of this parent. However, it does give an indication of the peculiar atmosphere of insularity in some homes, where problem children are developed to drive teachers crazy later. There is a partial solution for Mrs. Prendergast. Defer sending the child to school for another 12 months. Overcrowding in schools would be eased if they were used more as educational institutions and less as day nurseries. Teachers would have more time to teach and would need spend less time on "adjustment."

10/6 to Mr. K. A. Smith, Concord, N.S.W.

Family affairs

I HAVE two little girls, six and seven years old. As they cannot tell the time, I found myself, when getting them ready for school, wearing myself out by often repeating, "Do hurry," "Stop fooling," "Just look at the time; you'll be late." Now, to save my breath, I set the cooking timer, so many minutes for a lie-in, so many for dressing, and so many for breakfast and preparing their school things. It works like a charm. They are so busy trying to race the bell they forget to play around, and I am a much sweeter-tempered mother during that hectic period.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. W. Ladd, Eccendon, Vic.

Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE smaller people at our place are very selective readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Certain features, like the portrait of Mouseketeer Annette, have made a big hit. Wendy and Sally Weekly, with their various garments, are strewn about the house.

Adult material in the paper, however, is apt to leave these junior readers cold.

So I was surprised by their eager interest in Freda Irving's recent account of a picnic with Sabrina.

The pictures of Sabrina were closely examined and frankly discussed.

The general opinion was that she was a pretty lady, but the dimensions of her figure had been exaggerated.

I was appealed to for my opinion. Did I think she was as big as people said?

I picked up the magazine, frowning, and studied the pictures for some time.

BIG GIRL

Finally I replied: "If that's not big enough for you, you're hard to please."

They went away shaking their heads. Someone muttered: "I bet her tummy is more than 18 inches, anyway."

Sabrina's reception in Australia has been rather different from what was expected.

As far as I can make out, men have not shown wild enthusiasm for her charms. She even complained that very few asked her for dates.

Women are inclined to say: "All very nice, but I'm glad I'm not like that."

But our visitor has won a large, fascinated following among children, especially little girls.

I base this opinion on the talk I have heard and the questions that are asked. Does she hold the world's record? How did she get like that? Has she got any babies? Will I be like Sabrina? And so on.

Certainly she is treated, to a large extent, as a comic character. Spectacular pictures of her cause screams of laughter.

Nevertheless, little girls seriously take their own measurements, to see how they compare.

"My stomach is bigger than Sabrina's, but I'm only 22 inches up here," my younger daughter said in a puzzled tone.

When Noeline, from the next street, came to spend the afternoon there were howls of mirth from behind closed doors.

I heard cries of: "Put the sweater in, too!" "No; we'll have to use the cushion!"

Noeline came out in dressing-up clothes with a synthetic 41-inch bust, and everybody seemed to think it was a great joke.

Don't ask me if this trend is a good thing or not—though I can see no great harm in it.

All I know is that members of the doll-owning set regard Sabby as the shape of things to come.

STOP PRESS!

Huge Christmas demand causes many disappointments!

Did YOU miss out on your

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It's so easy to overcome your disappointment! Go to your favourite Store and, for a few shillings deposit, choose your own colourful, practical Relax-Sit Ironing Table. Relax-Sit is the wonderful adjustable-height ironing table that puts an end forever to ironing day backache—tired legs—and that “worn out” feeling. Relax-Sit is the only ironing table that gives you Knee room—under table space that invites you to *sit in comfort while you iron*. Cooler and faster, too! (Ventilated top draws steamy heat down and away.) And K & A Relax-Sit has the largest ironing area ever! (25% bigger.) A FEW SHILLINGS A WEEK FROM ALL GOOD STORES or 12 gns. Cash—capital cities. (Slightly more in W.A. and Tas.)



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with

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The Empire-line silhouette is the newest trend for autumn. This fashion item answers a young reader's query.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"Would you please draft me a pattern for an autumn frock in one of the newest styles? My material is a light wool, and, as I also have a pretty piece of rather soft silk, I wondered if it would be possible to use the same design for both materials. I want the style to be finished with short sleeves and a high collarless neckline. I am 18 and have a 34in. bust.

Illustrated here is the design I have chosen in answer to your letter. The dress has an Empire-line silhouette and that's the strongest influence in autumn fashions. Certainly make the design in two different materials. I think it's a wonderful idea.

Furthermore, both your fabrics would be extremely suitable for this design.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the dress. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I HOPE you can give me some advice about winter maternity clothes. I am having my first baby and, as I am only just 20 and fashion-conscious, I don't want to wear the usual maternity smock."

Current maternity fashions for autumn and winter include a number of high-fashion ideas. Topping the list is the Empire-line silhouette with its high little bodice plus a flow of pleats or soft gathers. This silhouette has concealing ability as well as being right in fashion.

"MY husband-to-be is wearing a dinner-suit at our marriage, but he does not know if he should wear a white or black tie. Also will he wear a cummerbund or a waistcoat?"

The following accessories are correct to wear with a dinner-jacket: Black waistcoat and black silk bow tie, white shirt finished with a turn-down collar, and black shoes and hose.

"I HAVE some blue sheer with a white spot I want to make to wear for informal parties. Would you please suggest a design to suit a girl in her twenties?"



DS349. — Empire-line dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington, N.Z.

Have an Empire bodice-top with short sleeves and a neckline straight across from shoulder to shoulder, and a skirt starting from below the bosom finished with four godets, two front and two back. The godets will give grace and movement to the skirt, which is important for a soft sheer fabric.

"WOULD you please tell me how many inches from the ground skirts are being worn for the autumn."

In autumn fashions skirts are short, how short depends on the wearer's proportions and the silhouette of the dress.

One inch or one and a half inches below the knee is general. But remember a slender line should always be a little longer than a silhouette with width, because a narrow line is apt to slither up when the wearer sits.

Beauty
in brief:

THE STEAM FACIAL

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Never take your make-up to bed with you if you value your complexion. This careless habit can easily block the pores and cause an outbreak of spots and blemishes.

BESIDES removing all traces of make-up every night, occasionally give your face a steam bath to cleanse the pores and stimulate the circulation.

After one of these treatments the skin looks soft, clean, and glowing.

For the steam facial you need a bowl

of boiling water and a thick towel to cover your head and the bowl like a tent.

Steam your face for about five minutes, then wash face and neck thoroughly in a warm-water lather.

Dry, and if your skin is dry or normal finish by slathering on lots of skin food.

WOOL FOLLOWS THE FASHION LINE

HANDKNITS FOR 1959

Long in line, loose-fitting, and often shaggy in texture, the 1959 handknits combine all the high-fashion features of the new season. In this special section are some of the smartest of them.

HERE are the directions for the long-line overblouse at right:

Materials: 13 (B-14, C-15) balls Patons Totem knitting wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 7 knitting needles; 2 buttons; 1 stitch-holder.

Measurements: Bust, 33-34 (B-35-36, C-37-38) in.; length from top of shoulder, 22 (B-22, C-23) in.; length of sleeve seam, 34 in.

Tension: 11½ sts. and 15½ rows to 2 in. on No. 7 needles.

BACK

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 90 (B-96, C-102) sts. and work 2 in. in g-st. (k every row).

Cont. in g-st., dec. one st. at each end of next and every following 4th row until 70 (B-76, C-82) sts. rem.

Work straight until back measures 7½ in.

Now inc. once at each end of needle in next and every following 6th row until there are 90 (B-96, C-102) sts. on needle.

Work straight until back measures 15½ in.

Cast on 16 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows for sleeves, then cont. straight until back measures 20½ (B-21, C-21½) in.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 50 (B-53, C-56) sts., cast off 22, k 50 (B-53, C-56) sts.

Cont. on last lot of sts. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 5 rows that beg. from neck edge, whilst at the same time, when sleeve measures 6 (B-6½, C-7) in., ending at neck edge, shape shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work to last 10 (B-11, C-12) sts., turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 (B-22, C-24) sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to last 30 (B-33, C-34) sts., turn.

6th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off.

Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work exactly as given for the back until front measures 16 (B-16½, C-17) in.

Next Row: K 60 (B-63, C-66) sts., cast on 8 sts., turn. Leave rem. sts. on a stitch-holder.

Work straight on these 68 (B-71, C-74) sts. until front

measures 18½ (B-19, C-19½) in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at neck edge in every alt. row until 40 (B-43, C-46) sts. rem.

**** Work straight until sleeve measures 6 (B-6½, C-7) in., ending at neck edge.**

To shape shoulder:

1st Row: Work to last 10 (B-11, C-12) sts., turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 (B-22, C-24) sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to last 30 (B-33, C-34) sts., turn.

6th Row: As 2nd row. Cast off.

**** Join in wool at centre front and proceed as follows:**

Work 2 rows straight.

3rd Row: K 2, cast off 3 sts., k to end.

4th Row: K to last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 2.

Work 16 rows straight.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows once.

Work 2 rows straight.

Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at neck edge in every alt. row until 40 (B-43, C-46) sts. rem.

Work as given from ** to ** for left side.

NECKBAND

Using a fine back-st. seam, sew up the shoulder seams.

With right side of work facing and using No. 11 needles and commencing at lower edge of right front opening, k up 24 sts. to neck edge, then k up 158 (B-164, C-170) sts. round neck edge, ending at left front edge, 182 (B-188, C-194) sts.

Work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

SLEEVE BANDS

With right side of work facing and using No. 11 needles, k up 62 (B-68, C-72) sts. round sleeve edge and work 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and a fine back-st. seam for other seams, sew up the side and sleeve seams. Turn back 1 in. hem round lower edge of jumper and sl-st. in position on wrong side. Sew underlap in position on wrong side. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Finally press all seams.



Angora cap for winter sports

THIS pretty cap is becoming, warm, and comfortable. It is ideal for winter sports because it will stay on even in the strongest wind.

FLATTERING cap is knitted in one piece and sewn into shape after twisting to resemble a knot, as shown left.

Materials: 3 balls Patons Fuzzy Wuzzy Angora; 1 pair No. 4 knitting needles; medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements (to fit average-size head): Length, 19 in.

Tension: 5 sts. and 6 rows to 1 in. measured over g-st.

Commencing at front edge, cast on 70 sts. and work 19 in. in g-st. (i.e., k every row). Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly.

Using a flat seam, sew up seam. Press seam lightly. Twist and sew into shape as illustrated.

Make fringe as follows:

Wind wool 8 times round a piece of cardboard 5 in. in width and cut along one end. Using crochet hook, fold wool in half and draw loop forward at centre through end of cap, pull ends of wool through loop, and draw tightly. Repeat this 8 times at even intervals along edge of cap. Tie strands in another knot as illustrated.

CLASSIC in its simplicity, the pull-on overblouse above would meet many winter engagements where a warm formal top is needed over a straight skirt. The in-between neckline makes it a versatile fashion for day or evening wear. Directions for making are at top left, this page.

Bestina Welch, leading Stage and TV star, wears a striking relaxed line "Houndstooth" sweater in "the knitting book of the year"

Hand Knits



Hand Knits by



"... far and away the most lavish, the most exciting knit book ever produced in Australia"

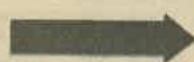
Favourite TV and Stage stars show you the year's most beautiful collection of hand knits in a spectacular series of high-gloss colour illustrations. Here are brilliant award-winning styles that you can knit quickly, with ease — by the TV set or the radio, whenever you get a chance to relax. And whether you're choosing a pattern for yourself or for the man in your life, you'll find variety is the spice of "Hand Knits" — with its practical yet out-of-the-ordinary classics — its authentic High

Fashion styles — its ingenious use of bold new colours — its undoubted flair — its perfect taste. This is indeed a knitting book in a class of its own — a "must" for every knitter who appreciates the unusual, the worthwhile — the added touch of genius in knitting.

Do make sure of your copy of "Hand Knits" now — wherever Villawool knitting wools are sold. The price is 3/6 per copy; the first edition is strictly limited, and already in heavy demand.

*If "Hand Knits" is unavailable locally, send us your name and address with 3/6 plus 6d postage.

SEND FOR FREE 1959 STYLE GUIDE



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

Post to: Villawool Textile Co., 17 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

TWEEDY-LOOK JACKET

HANDKNITS FOR 1959

● City tailoring and the tweedy look combine in this neatly buttoned jacket. Directions are complete on this page.

Materials: 22oz. Villawool "Nylotwee" sports wool (T.); 4oz. toning or contrasting "Speediknit" sports wool (S.); 1 pr. each Nos. 9 and 7 needles; 5 buttons; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: Bust, 36-38 in.; length from shoulder: 23½ in.; sleeve seam: 18 in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in. (No. 7 needles).

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and S. wool cast on 94 sts. Work even in st-st. for 1½ in., ending with a p row. Change to T. wool and cont. in st-st. till work measures 6½ in. from commencement.

Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in st-st., working even till back measures 15½ in., ending with a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Dec. 1 st. each end of every row till 80 sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 24½ in. from commencement.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Now cast off rem. sts.

POCKET LININGS

(Make 2.)

Using No. 9 needles and T. wool, cast on 28 sts.

Work even in st-st. for 4½ in., ending with a purl row. Leave aside on stitch-holder.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and S. wool, cast on 40 sts.

Work lin. in st-st., ending with a k row.

Next Row (wrong side facing): Cast on 28 sts., p to end of row.

Cont. in st-st. over all sts. for further ½ in., ending with a p row.

Change to T. wool and work as follows:

Next Row: Using T. wool, k 50, join in S. wool, knit to end of row.

Next Row: P 18 in S. wool, p to end of row in T. wool. (When changing from one wool to another, twist wools to prevent holes.)

Rep. last 2 rows till work measures 6½ in. from commencement.

Next Row (right side facing): K 7, sl. next 28 sts. on to stitch-holder for pocket top, join in and k across 28 sts. of one pocket lining, k 15, change to S. wool and k to end of row.

Next Row: P 18 in S. wool, then p to end of row in T. wool. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. as before, keeping 18 sts. at front edge in S. wool, until work measures same as back to underarm.

To Shape Armhole (right side facing): Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge every row till 61 sts. rem.

Cont. even on rem. sts. till work measures 22½ in.

Next Row (right side facing): K 31, k 2 tog., turn; leaving rem. 28 sts. on stitch-holder cont. on these 32 sts. only.

Work 3 rows even.

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. last 4 rows once more. Purl 1 row.



DARKER BANDS in a plain color contrast with the tweed wool used in this jacket. The line fits snugly over the hips and follows current fashion trends without adding bulk. The buttons match the trim.

To Shape Shoulder: 1st Row (right side facing): Cast off 5 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Cast off 5 sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Purl.

Rep. last 4 rows once, then rep. 1st and 2nd rows only again.

Cast off rem. sts.

Return to 28 sts. on stitch-holder, cont. in st-st., as before, for 7 in.

Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and S. wool, cast on 40 sts.

Work lin. even in st-st., ending with a p row.

Next Row: Cast on 28 sts., k to end of row.

Cont. in st-st. for further ½ in., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 18 in S. wool, join in T. wool and k to end of row.

Next Row: P 50 in T. wool, p 18 in S. wool.

Rep. last 2 rows, making first buttonhole on next 2 rows thus: K 6, cast off 3 sts., k 9 in S. wool, then k 3, cast off 2 sts., k to end of row in T. wool.

Next Row: P to last 18 sts., cast on 2 sts., p 3 in T. wool, p 9, cast on 3 sts., p 6 in S. wool.

Cont. to correspond with left front, making buttonholes 4½ in. apart (5 buttonholes altogether) and placing pocket as follows:

When work measures 6½ in. from commencement (right side facing) k 33 (changing wools as before), sl. next 28 sts. on to stitch-holder, join in and k across pocket-lining sts., k 7.

Next Row: Purl.

Change to No. 7 needles and complete right front to correspond with left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles and S. wool, cast on 50 sts. Work even in st-st. for 1½ in.

Change to T. wool and cont. even till work measures 3½ in. from commencement.

Change to No. 7 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every following 8th row till 70 sts. are on needle.

Cont. even till work measures 19½ in. from commencement or length required to underarm. (Note: 1 in. is turned back for facing.)

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of every row till 22 sts. rem.

Now cast off 6 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows.

Cast off rem. sts.

POCKET TOPS

Using No. 9 needles and S. wool, sl. 28 sts. left for pocket top on stitch-holder on left front on to needle and work even in st-st. for 1½ in.

Cast off.

Work right pocket top in same way.

TO MAKE UP

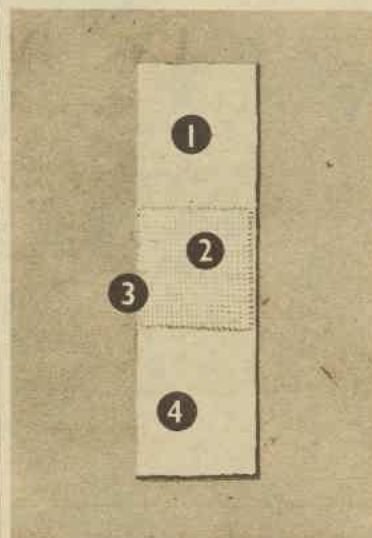
Press all sections with warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, taking 1½ in. of top part of sleeve (before shaping) into armhole. Join side and sleeve seams. Join front facing at back neck. Sew front facing to neck edge. Fold front facings to reverse side, so that ½ in. of S. wool shows around front edges. Sl-st. into place, matching double buttonholes. Sew around buttonholes. Turn up lower edge so that ½ in. of S. wool shows and sl-st. into place. Turn back cuff edges and pocket tops in same way and sl-st. into place. Sew ends of pocket tops in place. Sew on buttons. Press seams open and facings and hems flat.

Only Elastoplast

cleans heals and seals out dirt and germs with

DOMIPHEN BROMIDE*

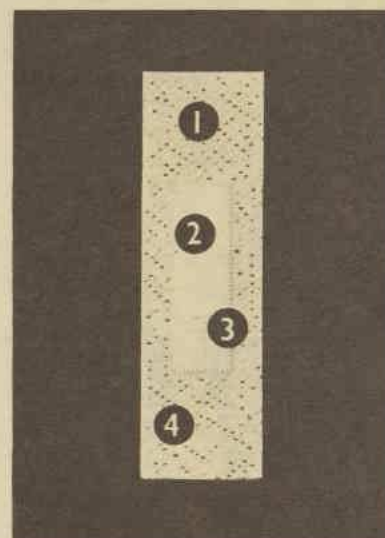
the miracle antiseptic



ORDINARY DRESSINGS

JUST STICK TO THE SKIN

- 1 Ordinary dressings with solid adhesive tend to cause soggy skin known as maceration. This arises when the skin is unable to breathe.
- 2 Plain gauze pad with no medication fails to soothe or heal. Contains no protective modern antiseptic. Merely covers the wound.
- 3 Gauze goes right to the edge of the dressing, leaving the wound open to dirt and dangerous germs. Adheres only on two sides.
- 4 Rigid fabric does not "give" with the skin, prevents easy movement, and causes skin to sweat. Result is discomfort and irritation.



Elastoplast

HEALS AS IT HOLDS

- 1 Medicated adhesive, containing Zinc Oxide, has soothing, healing action and is porous to offset any unpleasant maceration.
- 2 Gauze pad treated with miracle antiseptic, "Domiphen Bromide," heals fast and safely, defeats infection. Only Elastoplast gives the protection of "Domiphen Bromide."*
- 3 Adhesive area around medicated gauze pad seals out dirt and germs. Keeps wound clean.
- 4 Elastic fabric stretches with skin, allows air-movement to keep skin healthily dry... only Elastoplast stretches a third of its length.

LOOK FOR THE NEW RED PACK WITH 12 REGULAR STRIPS for only

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OTHER ELASTOPLAST MEDICAL AIDS

Ready Cut Dressings in the Red Tin... a size for every need. Elastoplast plasters on handy spools — comfortable, elasticised and healing, the fabric will "grip" or "give."

Elastoplast Dressing Strips, medicated and elasticised, do away with bulky bandages that slip and slide. Available in 1½, 2½ or 3-inch widths in 1-yard lengths.



OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS AND STORES

OVERSEAS AND LOCAL WITH THE NEW, SOFT

HANDKNITS FOR 1959



FRENCH MOHAIR JACKET (top left) features all the new fashion trends in its easy fit, long line, the shaggy texture and shaded effect. Directions overleaf.



WHITE ANGORA PULL-ON (above), another French design in a shaggy handknit, looks most effective in white. Note coel collar. Directions overleaf.

TWO OF A KIND

Materials: 10 (11-12-13) balls Hughes' Twinprufe Double Crepe, shade No. 2441 (Capri) or 2427 (Flamingo); 1 pair No. 10 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24½ (24½-27½) in.; to fit bust or chest 34 (36-38-40) in.

Tension: 6½ sts. to lin.; 8½ rows to lin.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 114 (120-126-132) sts. Work in st-st. for 2 in., then make a hem as follows: Using a spare needle, pick up the cast-on sts., then, holding both needles tog., k 1 st. from each needle to end of row.

P 1 row. Cont. in st-st., and when work measures 15 (15-17-17) in. or required length, shape

armholes by casting off 2 (2-2-2) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 (5-6-6) rows. When armholes measure 9 (9½-10) in., shape shoulders by casting off 11 (9-9-10) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 (8-8-8) rows. Cast off loosely.

FRONT

Work the same as for back to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 2 (2-2-2) sts., k 55 (58-61-64) sts., leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 55 (58-61-64) sts. and dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row, at the same time k 2 tog. at armhole edge on the next 4 (5-6-6) rows. Cont. to dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 4th row until dec. to 33 (36-36-40) sts. When armhole measures 9 (9½-10) in., shape shoulder by casting off 11 (9-9-10) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 (4-4-4)

LEFT: Sleeveless sack suitable for a man or woman. Directions above.

times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

NECK

With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 66 (68-72-76) sts. from shoulder to centre front along one side of neck. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. for lin., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off loosely. Work other side to correspond. Pick up and k about 38 (38-40-40) sts. across back of neck and work to correspond with front. Cast off loosely.

ARMHOLES

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 10 needles, pick up and k about 118 (120-124-130) sts. around armholes. P 1 row. Work in st-st. for lin., inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch back facings around neck and armholes, joining neatly at corners. Sew up side seams.



DESIGNS LOOK

● Parisian chic combines with the out-of-doors appeal of Australian designs in the group of knitteds on these two pages. They all have the easy fit and long lines that are high-fashion news.



SCOTTISH CARDIGAN (above) has more than a hint of the Highlands in its make-up and sturdy good looks, highlighted with green and white chevron stripes. Directions for knitting it begin below.

STRIPED BLOUSON (below) shows the new easy-fitting line interpreted in a handknit. A drawstring tie emphasizes its long-waisted effect, and the three-color striped pattern is smart. Directions overleaf.

SCOTTISH CARDIGAN

FOR the more mature figure is the Scottish cardigan shown at top right. Green and white chevron stripes are a smart trim. Directions begin below.

Materials: 10 (B-11; C-12) oz. in main color (M.C.) and 1 oz. (each size), in contrast color (C.C.) Villawool Horizon crochet wool (equiv. 3-ply); 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 7 buttons; 2 yds. of 1½ in. grosgrain ribbon.

Measurements: Bust, 38 (B-40; C-42) in.; length from shoulder, 22½ (B-23½; C-24) in.; sleeve seam, 12½ (B-13; C-13) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to lin. (No. 11 needles). Instructions given are for size A; any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles and M.C. wool, cast on 132 (B-140; C-148) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. Change to No. 11 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row

till 152 (B-160; C-168) sts. are on needle. Cont. even in st-st. till back measures 14½ (B-15; C-15½) in., or length required to underarm.

To Shape Armholes

1st Row (right side facing): K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

2nd Row:

Purl. Repeat last 2 rows 19 (B-20; C-21) times, then inc. 1 st. (inc. by picking up loop before next st. and k into back of it) in 3rd st. from each end of every foll. 10th row 3 times, 118 (B-124; C-130) sts. Cont. even in st-st. till armholes measure 8 (B-8½; C-8½) in. (measured on straight).

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 13 (B-14; C-15) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Cast off rem. sts. for back neck.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and M.C. wool, cast on 60 (B-64; C-68) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in.

Change to No. 11 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. at side

edge (end of wrong side facing rows) till 70 (B-74; C-78) sts. are on needle.

Then work even in st-st. till work measures same as back to underarm.

To Shape Armhole

1st Row (right side facing): K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to end of row.

2nd Row:

Purl. Repeat last 2 rows till armhole measures 1 (B-1½; C-1½) in., measured on straight, then still dec. thus at armhole edge till 20 (B-21; C-22) decreases have been worked in all, at the same time dec. 1 st. at front edge of next row and every foll. 4th row.

When armhole decreases are completed (still dec. every 4th row at front edge) inc. 1 st. in 3rd st. from armhole edge every 10th row 3 times.

Cont. even at armhole edge, still dec. at front edge as before till 39 (B-42; C-45) sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till armhole measures same as back armhole to shoulder.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 13 (B-14; C-15) sts. at armhole edge on next row and foll. 2 alt. rows.

(Continued overleaf)



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a new lotion
deodorant with lanolin...



New Arrid lotion deodorant with lanolin rolls protection into all the pores... rolls away perspiration odour. Easy-to-apply Arrid lotion keeps your underarms soft, sweet and dry—without

drying your skin... in fact, Arrid Roll-on actually soothes tender skin.

New Arrid Roll-on—in the bottle with the ball on top. At all cosmetic counters... 7/6.

ARRID CREAM AND SUPER SPRAY, TOO!



Fragrant, refreshing.

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in a pretty blue squeeze bottle... unbreakable, too—just the thing for travelling. 6/11.

So soft... so smooth ARRID CREAM

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USE ARRID... TO BE SAFE... TO BE SURE.

HANDKNITS FOR 1959

Scottish cardigan (from page 33)

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and working k 2 tog. at armhole decreasing instead of sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and M.C. wool, cast on 80 (B-84; C-84) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in.

Change to No. 11 needles and st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every foll. 6th row till 112 (B-116; C-116) sts. are on needle. Cont. even in st-st till sleeve measures 12½ (B-13; C-13) in.

To Shape Top of Sleeve
1st Row (right side facing): K1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.
2nd Row: Purl.
Repeat last 2 rows till 72 (B-76; C-76) sts. rem.
Cast off.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles and M.C. wool, cast on 18 sts.

1st Row (right side facing): K 4 M.C., 1 C.C., 2 M.C., 4 C.C., 2 M.C., 1 C.C., rib 4 M.C. (rib of k 1, p 1).

2nd Row: Rib 4 M.C., p 2 C.C., 2 M.C., 2 C.C., 4 M.C.

3rd Row: K 5 M.C., 2 C.C., 4 M.C., 2 C.C., 1 M.C., rib 4 M.C.

4th Row: Rib 4 M.C., p 2 M.C., 2 C.C., 2 M.C., 2 C.C., 6 M.C.

Repeat last 4 rows till band is long enough to reach up left front, around back of neck, and down right-front edge to beg. of neck decs. Now work buttonholes as foll. (the first being on next 2 rows and the rem. 6 at 2½ (B-2½; C-2½) in. intervals; if length to underarm has been altered the distance between buttonholes will have to be adjusted accordingly).

To Make Buttonholes

1st Row: Work 8 sts., cast off 2 sts., work 8 sts.

2nd Row: Work 8 sts., cast on 2 sts., work 8 sts. When band is long enough to reach lower edge of right front (approx. ½ in. after last buttonhole), cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 13 needles and M.C. wool, cast on 146 (B-150; C-150) sts.

Work even in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side, sleeve, and shoulder seams. Sew sleeves into armholes, matching shapings. Sew front band neatly to front edges (st-st. edge of band to garment edge). Face front band with grosgrain ribbon. Placing centre of collar at centre-back of neck, sew collar to neckband. Press band flat. Sew on buttons. Sew around buttonholes (having slashed ribbon at buttonholes). Press seams open.

THE THREE HANDKNITS BELOW ARE SHOWN IN COLOR ON PAGES 32 and 33.

White angora pull-on

Materials: 21 balls French Angora Bouton D'Or; 1 pr. No. 10 needles.

Measurements: To fit 34in. bust; length 25in.; sleeve 18in. Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles throughout cast on 134 sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2½ in. Change to st-st. and cont. until 17in., ending on a purl row.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 8 times (106 sts.). Cont. until armholes measure 8in. on the straight, ending on a purl row.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 sts. 10 times, 7 sts. twice, 42 sts. once.

FRONT

Work as for back until armholes measure 6in. on the straight, ending on a purl row.

Shape Neck—Next Row: K 44, turn and purl back. Cont. on these 44 sts., casting off on neck edge 2 sts. 6 times at beg. of every 2nd row, at the same time when armhole measures 8in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge, shape shoulder. Cast off at beg. of next and alternate rows 5 sts. 5 times, 7 sts. once.

Return to rem. sts., join in wool at neck edge, cast off 18

sts. and cont. on rem. 44 sts. as for other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Cast on 72 sts. and work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3½ in. Change to st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of the 5th and every 8th row until there are 98 sts.

Cont. until sleeve measures 18in., ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 6 sts. twice, 2 sts. 6 times, 1 st. 36 times, 4 sts. 4 times, 22 sts. once.

COLLAR

Cast on 224 sts. loosely and work in st-st. Cont. for 4½ in., ending on a purl row.

Next Row: K 11, k 2 tog., * k 8, k 2 tog., * rep. from * to * to last 11 sts., k 11.

Work 1½ in. straight.

Next Row: K 12, k twice into next st., * k 9, k twice into next st., * rep. from * to * until last 11 sts., k 11.

Cont. until work measures 8in., ending on a purl row. Next Row: * K 3, k 2 tog., * rep. from * to * to end. Cont. in rib of k 2, p 2 until collar measures 9½ in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Using a dry cloth press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-stitch sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Join edges of collar. Fold a hem ½ in. wide up to inside on collar and slip-stitch down. Attach collar to neck edge.

French mohair jacket

Materials: 19 balls French mohair Bouton D'Or; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 6 needles; 1 button; 1 teal brush.

Measurements: To fit a 34in. bust; length, 25½ in.; sleeve seam, 18in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles cast on 91 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in rib until work measures 15in.

Shape Armholes: Cast off in rib 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row 6 times (69 sts.).

Cont. until armholes measure 8½ in. on the straight.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off in rib at beg. of next and every row 4 sts. 12 times, 21 sts. once.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles cast on 51 sts. and work in rib of k 1,

p 1 for 1in. Change to No. 5 needles and proceed as follows:

Next Row: Rib 41 sts., sl. rem. 10 sts. on to holder for front band. Cont. on the 41 sts. until work measures 15in., ending at side edge.

Shape Armhole: Cast off in rib at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 sts. once, 1 st. 6 times (30 sts.). Cont. until armhole measures 6in., ending at front edge.

Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 1 st. 6 times (24 sts.). Cont. until armhole measures 8½ in. on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off in rib at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 sts. 6 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles cast on

51 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4in. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in rib. Inc. 1 st. each end of every following 4th row until there are 75 sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 18in. Cast off in rib at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. twice, 2 sts. 10 times, 1 st. 14 times, 35 sts. once.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Transfer the 10 sts. on holder to No. 6 needles, join in wool at inside edge, and cont. until band fits to neck edge. Cast off in rib. Work the right front band exactly the same to within 5 rows less, ending at front edge.

Next Row: Rib 3 sts., cast off in rib 4 sts., rib 3 sts.

Next Row: Rib and cast on 4 sts. over cast-off 4 sts.

Work 3 rows. Cast off in rib.

COLLAR

Using No. 5 needles cast on 107 sts.

1st Row (right side of work): (K 1, p 1), rep. to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1), rep. to last st., p 1.

3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib to last 7 sts., k 3 tog., rib 4 sts.

Work 7 rows straight. ** Rep. from ** to ** until 91 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off in rib at beg. of next and every row 4 sts. 10 times, 51 sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Firstly, brush each piece of work on the right side only. Attach front bands. Using a small back-st. sew up shoulder, sleeve, and side seams. Set in sleeves. Attach collar to neckline but not across the front bands. Sew on a button to correspond with buttonhole. Finally brush carefully where sewn.

Striped blouson

Materials: 4 (5) balls white, 3 (4) balls bamboo, 3 (4) balls green Villawool "Horizon" crochet; 1 pr. No. 11 needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32-34 (36-38) in. bust; length, 21½ (22½) in.; sleeve, 13½ in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.

Pattern of stripes is worked in st-st. in the following order: Ten rows each of bamboo, white, and green. Rep. these 30 rows.

BACK

Using white and No. 11 needles cast on 68 sts. Knit the first row and cont. in st-st. Cast on at the end of every row 6 sts. 6 (8) times.

Change to green and cast on 6 sts. at the end of the next 10 rows, 164 (176) sts.

All following measurements are taken on the straight.

Cont. in patt. of stripes until side edge measures 12 (13) in., ending on a purl row.

Inc. 1 st. each end of the next 4 rows, 172 (184) sts. Cont. straight for 7½ in., ending on a purl row.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 sts. 24 times, 2 (8) sts. twice, 48 sts. once.

LEFT FRONT

Using bamboo cast on 78

(84) sts. and work in patt. of stripes. Cont. until side edge measures the same as back, ending at side edge. Inc. 1 st. on this edge on the next 4 rows, 82 (88) sts. Cont. straight for 7½ in., ending at side edge.

Shape Shoulder and Neck Edge: For shoulder cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 sts. 12 times, 2 (8) sts. twice, and at the same time on neck edge cast off at beg. of every 2nd row 2 sts. 10 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Is as left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

First Piece (make 2): Using bamboo cast on 64 sts. and work patt. of stripes (that is, beg. at sleeve top). Dec. 1 st. at beg. only of every 8th row following until 55 sts. rem., then each end of every 8th row until 49 sts. rem., then at beg. only of every 8th row until 45 sts. rem.

Cont. until work measures 14½ in., ending on a knit row.

Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 5 sts. 7 times, 10 sts. once.

Second Piece (make 2): Work as 1st piece, but dec. 1 st. at the end only of every 8th row until 55 sts., then each end of every 8th row until

49 sts., then at the end only of every 8th row until 45 sts.

Cont. until work measures 14½ in., ending on a purl row. Cast off at beg. of next and every alt. row 5 sts. 7 times, 10 sts. once.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Using white cast on 143 (151) sts. and work in patt. of stripes, beg. with a white stripe, at the same time inc. 1 st. at the end (neck edge) of every 4th row 4 times, 147 (155) sts.

Cont. until 2 complete stripes and 3 rows of the next stripe have been completed, ending at shaped edge.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every 4th row until 143 (151) sts. rem. Cont. until the 4th stripe is completed. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Work as for right front band with shapings reversed.

NECKBAND

Using white cast on 101 sts. and work in patt. of stripes as for the front bands. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row 4 times (109 sts.).

Cont. until 2 complete stripes and 3 rows of the next stripe have been completed.

Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row until 101 sts. rem. Cont. until the

4th stripe is completed. Cast off.

TIE

Using bamboo cast on 10 sts. and cont. in patt. of stripes until work measures 66in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Using a hot iron and damp cloth press each piece of work on the wrong side.

Using a small back-st. sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams (that is, a 1st and 2nd piece of sleeve directions, the shorter seam being the underarm seam).

Press all seams. Set in sleeves. Fold up to inside a hem 1in. wide round lower edges and sleeve edges, sl-st. down.

Sew tog. the shaped edges of front bands to the shaped edges of neckband. Pin bands to neck and front edges and seam tog. these edges. Fold bands in halves to inside and sew down, leaving a space of about a ½ in. at lower front ends for the tie to come through on the right side of work.

Fold tie in half on the wrong side and sew edges tog. Turn to right side and sew ends tog. Run tie through hem.

Have 6 buttonholes machine-made at 3in. intervals on front right band. Sew on 6 buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Curlypet WINNER

Introducing Linda Hoy, a charming Curlypet whose lovely head of tight little curls won her a handsome prize in Anthony Hordern's Baby Competition.

Her proud Mother praises Curlypet.

"I find Curlypet is wonderful. My mother always used it on my hair and I always use it on my little girl's hair."
(Signed) Mrs. Hoy.



Give YOUR baby lovely curls

Curlypet will give your baby a head of pretty curls everyone admires. Curlypet is also good for nasty cradlecap and removes scalp irritations, leaving baby's hair clean, healthy and fragrant.

Remember, Curlypet is good for your hair too! Clever girls and smart young matrons get fifteen fragrant hairsets for only 4/10 when they "Quickset with Curlypet."



Curlypet

4/10 at Chemists and Stores.

SWEATER TO KEEP SKIERS WARM

Materials: Nine balls red, 3 balls white, 2 balls black Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply "Patonised" or Patons Patonyle 4-ply "Patonised"; 1 pr. No. 10 and 1 set four No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 33-35 (B-36-37) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 23in. each size; length of sleeve seam (cuff turned back), 17in. each size.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin.; 9 rows to lin.

FRONT

* The jumper is worked lengthways, beg. at left sleeve. Using No. 10 needles and red wool, cast on 36 (B-38) sts.

Work 4 rows in plain smooth fabric.

Join in white wool and work 8 rows in plain smooth fabric, inc. 1 st. at end of 1st row.

Join in black wool and k 1 row, inc. once in last stitch.

Join in red wool and cont. in plain smooth fabric, inc. 1 st. at end of every following 8th row until there are 50 (B-52) sts. on the needle, then inc. 1 st. at end of every following alt. row until there are 60 (B-62) sts. on the needle.

Work 1 row without shaping. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Inc. once in first st. (shoulder-line), k to end of row.

2nd Row: Cast on 30 sts., p to end of row.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: As 3rd row.

6th Row: Cast on 50 sts., p to end of row, 171 (B-173) sts.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric, inc. 1 st. at shoulder edge in the 5th and following 10th rows twice.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every alt. row until there are 164 (B-166) sts. on the needle.

Work 9 (B-11) rows without shaping.

Join in black wool and work 40 (B-46) rows without shaping.

Join in white wool and work 8 rows without shaping.

Join in black wool and work 1 row without shaping.

Join in red wool and cont. in plain smooth fabric, inc. 1 st. at neck edge in every alt. row until there are 174 (B-176) sts. on the needle.

Work 1 row without shaping. Dec. 1 st. at shoulder edge in next and following 10th row twice, 171 (B-173) sts.

Work 4 rows without shaping.

** Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 50 sts., p to end of row.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Cast off 30 sts., p to end of row.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: As 3rd row.

6th Row: K 2 tog., k to end of row.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. at end of next and every following alt. row until there are 50 (B-52) sts. on the needle, then dec. 1 st. at end of every following 8th row until there are 38 (B-40) sts. on the needle.

Work 7 rows without shaping.

Join in black wool and work 1 row, dec. 1 st. at end of row.

Join in white wool and work 8 rows, dec. 1 st. at end of 8th row, 36 (B-38) sts.

Join in red wool and work 4 rows in plain smooth fabric.

Cast off. **

BACK

Commencing at right sleeve, work from * to * as given for front.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every alt. row until there are 164 (B-166) sts. on the needle.

Work 59 (B-67) rows without shaping.

Inc. 1 st. at neck edge in next and every alt. row until there are 174 (B-176) sts. on the needle.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Dec. 1 st. at shoulder edge in next and following 10th row twice, 171 (B-173) sts.

Work 4 rows without shaping.

Now work from ** to ** as given for front.

COLLAR

(Both Sizes)

Using 2 of the double-pointed needles and white wool, cast on 6 sts.

1st Row: K 2, p 2, k 2, cast on 2 sts.

2nd Row: (K 2, p 2) twice, cast on 2 sts.

3rd Row: (P 2, k 2) twice, p 2, cast on 2 sts.

4th Row: (P 2, k 2) 3 times, cast on 2 sts.

5th Row: (K 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2, cast on 2 sts.

6th Row: (K 2, p 2) 4 times, cast on 2 sts.

Keeping continuity of k 2, p 2 rib, cont. in this manner, casting on 2 sts. at end of every row until there are 50 sts. on the needle.

Work 4 rows without shaping (1st row will start and finish with p 2).

Break off wool and leave these sts.

Using a third needle, work another piece in a similar manner; do not break off wool.

Proceed as follows:

(P 2, k 2) 12 times, p 2 over these sts., cast on 54 sts. (p 2, k 2) 12 times, p 2 over first piece, cast on 54 sts.

Arrange these 208 sts. on three needles and work in rounds p 2, k 2 rib for 9in.

Cast off in rib.

CUFFS

Using a back-st. seam, sew shoulder and upper sleeve seams. With right side of work facing and using black wool, pick up 68 (B-72) sts. along edge of sleeve.

Work in rib k 2, p 2 for 6in.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a fine back-st. seam, sew collar to neck opening. Join side seams. Turn up 2in. hem along lower edge of jumper and sl-st. on wrong side. Press all seams. Roll collar over twice to form a polo collar and turn back cuffs.

• Ski sweater in a striking three-color combination is guaranteed to keep out icy blasts. Because it's so smart, there's even an admiring glance from the seal. Complete directions are given at left.



IDEAL WITH SKIRTS AND SUITS



CLASSIC in line, the sweater at left was designed to wear under a suit or with a separate skirt.

Materials: 7 (B-8, C-8) oz. Villawool "Horizon" crochet wool (equiv. 3-ply); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 2 stitch-holders.

Measurements: Bust, 32, (B-34, C-36) in.; length from back neck, 19½ (B-20½, C-21) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin. (No. 10 needles).

Instructions given are for size A; any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

PATTERN STITCH

1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, and 9th Rows: Knit.

2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th Rows: Purl.

11th Row: * K 2, p into back and front of next st., *, rep. from * to * to last 2 sts., k 2.

12th and 14th Rows: P 2, * k 2, p 2 *, rep. from * to * to end of row.

LEFT: Two-way neckline can be worn as a flat collar under a suit. The cap sleeves are raglan.

13th and 15th Rows: * K 2, p 2 *, rep. from * to * to last 2 sts., k 2.

16th Row: P 2, * p 2 tog., p 2 *, rep. from * to * to end of row.

16 rows to 1 pattern.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 102 (B-108, C-114) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in., inc. 14 sts. evenly along last row, 116 (B-122, C-128) sts. Change to No. 10 needles and st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of the 16th row and every following 8th row till 126 (B-134, C-142) sts. are on needle. Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 8½ (B-9, C-9½) in.

Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row, 8 times. Now cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, then cast on 10 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows, 178 (B-186, C-194) sts.

Cont. even in st-st. till sleeve edge measures 6 (B-6½, C-6½) in.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 (B-6, C-7) sts. at beg. of next 12 (B-6, C-12) rows, then cast off 7 (B-7, C-7) sts. at beg. of following 8 (B-14, C-8) rows. Leave rem. 50 (B-52, C-54) sts. on a stitch-holder for collar.

FRONT

Work as given for back, changing to patt. st. on completion of basque.

Work 6 complete patts., then

work 10 rows in st-st. Now rep. 11th row of patt. st. and work rem. of yoke in k 2, p 2 rib.

When sleeve edge measures 3in., divide sts. for front opening, having 2 more sts. on right side than on left side.

Work in rib on right side only, leaving rem. sts. for left side on a stitch-holder.

When sleeve edge measures 6 (B-6½, C-6½) in., shape shoulder as follows:

Keeping front opening edge even, cast off 8 (B-8, C-9) sts. at shoulder edge on next 5 (B-1, C-7) alt. rows, then cast off at same edge 9 (B-9, C-10) sts. on following 5 (B-9, C-3) alt. rows.

Leave rem. sts. on a stitch-holder for collar.

Join wool at front opening edge, cast on 2 sts., and work left side to correspond with right side, reversing shapings. Join shoulder seams, easing ribbed front yoke to fit back shoulder edge.

COLLAR

Slip all sts. on front and back stitch-holders on to a No. 10 needle and, keeping continuity of rib, work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 8 rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Neaten end of placket. Turn ¼in. hem around sleeve edges to reverse side and sl-st. into place. Press seams open.

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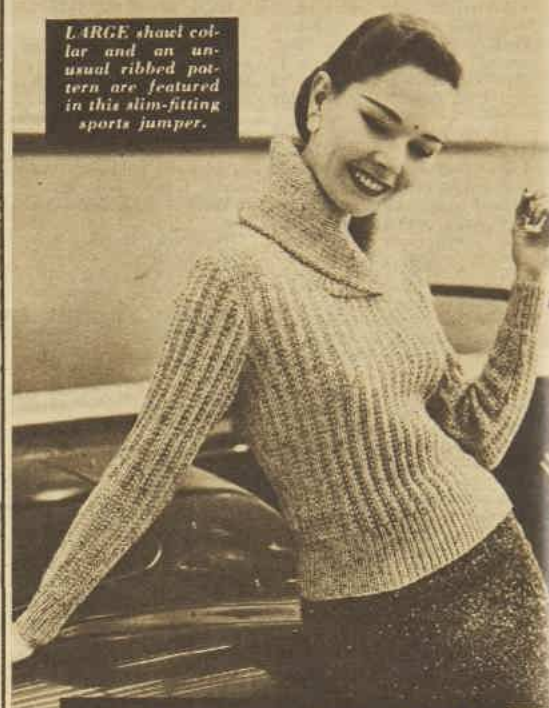
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CASUAL FOR SPORT

LARGE shawl collar and an unusual ribbed pattern are featured in this slim-fitting sports jumper.



HANDKNITS FOR 1959

Materials: 20 (21-22) oz. Lincoln Buffalo wool; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34-36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder 21½ (22-22½) in.; sleeve seam 17 (17-17) in.

Tension: 6 sts and 8½ rows to in.

Note: Inc. 1 (k 1, p 1) or (p 1, k 1) into st. so as to keep continuity of rib.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 84 (88-92) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 36 rows, dec. 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 8 needles and commence patt.

1st Row: K 1, p 2, (k 1, p 3) to last 4 sts., k 1, p 2, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (k 1, p 3) to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. these 2 rows, and keeping continuity of patt. inc. 1 st. at each end of 5th and every 8th row following until there are 99 (105-111) sts. on needle, then without further shaping until 86th row above ribbing is complete.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 (5-5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 81 (85-89) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until there are 62 (66-70) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulder: At beg. of every row cast off 7 (7-7) sts. 6 times and 6 (7-8) sts. twice. Cast off rem. 27 (29-31) sts.

FRONT

Work as for back until there are 16 (18-20) rows in armhole.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 27 (28-29) sts., leave on holder, cast off 27 (29-31) sts., patt. 27 (28-29) sts. Cont. in patt. on last 27 (28-29) sts. until there are 63 (67-71) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulder: At beg. of next and every alt. row cast off 7 (7-7) sts. 3 times and 6 (7-8) sts. once. Join wool at neck edge to stitches from spare needle and work to correspond with side already worked.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles cast on 56 (60-64) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 28 rows, de-

creasing 1 st. at end of last row.

Change to No. 8 needles, and work in patt. as given for back, inc. 1 st. at each end of 11th and every 8th row following until there are 81 (85-89) sts. on needle and then without further shaping until 122nd row above ribbing is complete, or length required.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 (4-4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 35 (37-39) sts. rem., then each end of next 2 rows. Cast off rem.

COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles, with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 27 (29-31) sts. across sts. cast off at centre front.

1st Row: Inc. 1, (k 1, p 1) to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 2 sts., k 1, inc. 1. Rep. these two rows, allowing for inc. sts. until 43 rows are worked, 70 (72-74) sts., ending at outside edge.

* **1st Row:** Rib to last 11 sts., turn.

2nd and Every Alt. Row: Rib to end.

3rd Row: Rib to last 22 sts., turn.

5th Row: Rib to last 33 sts., turn.

7th Row: Rib to last 44 sts., turn.

9th Row: Rib to last 55 sts., turn.

10th Row: As 2nd row. *

Still inc. 1 st. at inside edge of every row as before, cont. until 92 (94-96) rows are worked, not including the 10 rows between *s. Cont. in rib without shaping for 38 (40-42) rows, then dec. 1 st. at inside edge of every row until 70 (72-74) sts. rem., then work from * to * once. Still working in rib, dec. 1 st. at inside edge of every row until 27 (29-31) sts. rem. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Sew collar into position so that the 38 (40-42) rows at centre back of collar fit across back of neck and sts. of cast-off edge under the picked-up sts. across centre front. Press carefully, stretching the collar around outside edges.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1959

National Liberal in your student days, were you not?" "I was."

"Well, then. The State has to use your wife and children as sureties. They would suffer, I'm afraid, if anything should slip up. Barbaric, of course, but—" Radea shrugged. "It's the times we live in."

Doctor Manolescu nodded wearily, no longer able to meet Radea's eyes.

"Your plane leaves for Cairo at seven-thirty on Wednesday morning," he heard Radea's voice saying. "They want to know at the hospital whether you will be bringing your own anaesthetist."

Nineteen thousand feet above the French Alps, Thirlmere stared out of the window of the plane. The gentle, monotonous whistle of the engines kept him taut and alert. Usually he approached a major operation, however critical, with a massive calm, but this time there were new factors. This time he was a fine hairspring in a huge mechanism of international economic strategy.

Before and behind him sat nondescript men with neutral expressions on their faces; each one was a plain-clothes policeman. The only woman passenger was Sister Fratton, from St. Michael's Hospital, Blackfriars, where Thirlmere taught a night practised.

It was Sister Fratton who, seven and a half hours later in Cairo, came to his hotel room with consternation in her face.

"Sir Godfrey, are you working with Manolescu on this case?"

"Not that I'm aware of, Sister. Why?"

He had taken a shower and was gasping at his window in the stifling humid heat of the September night, looking out at the crisscross, tapering masts of

feluccas along the Nile curving against the moon.

"He's in Cairo," Sister Fratton said tensely. "In this hotel. I've just seen him down in the lounge."

Thirlmere mopped his brow and throat with a silk handkerchief. "Didn't know he was as close as that."

"Sir Godfrey, it's none of my business, I suppose, but there's something odd going on, isn't there?"

"There is indeed, Sister."

"Manolescu's down there, talking to an Arab. I think it's Rahman Hussain, the Emir's son."

"That would seem to fit in all right. You're sure it's Manolescu?"

"Quite sure. I remember meeting him when I came with you to the International Congress of Heart Surgeons at Stresa in 1953."

"Funny coincidence," Thirlmere mused. "I was sent for by Boutros Pasha, of the Zamalek General Hospital. Boutros said nothing about calling in another surgeon or even a second opinion."

"Then you didn't expect to see Manolescu here?"

Thirlmere shrugged. "I had a theory. A wild one, but I told the police. From what you've just told me it seems I was right."

Sister Fratton was deeply troubled. "Why were all those policemen in the plane?"

He smiled. "I'm a V.I.P., Sister. I rate an armed guard."

He had never seen her agitated before. "I don't understand," she said. "I'm frightened, Sir Godfrey."

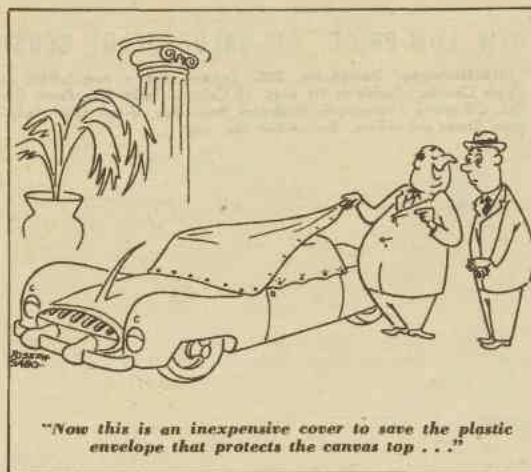
"Frightened?" He gave a short laugh. "You're not one-tenth as frightened as Manolescu is."

Continuing . . . Doctor's Assignment

from page 17

She looked at him blankly. "Why should he be? He's one of the world's greatest surgeons."

"Oh, he's not frightened for himself," Thirlmere said gently. "He's scared for his wife and children back in Rumania. He thinks they're going to be taken away from him if he doesn't pull this job off."



"If he doesn't operate on the Emir successfully?"

"No. If he doesn't operate unsuccessfully."

"Unsuccessfully?" Sister Fratton, a woman of utter devotion and discipline, was not good at imagining naked evil.

"You mean—"

"I see that I'd better tell you, Sister. You realise, of course, that I'm not supposed to, and that you're taking part

in an international melodrama?"

"Am I?" The bewilderment on her face was touching.

"Manolescu has been sent here to botch the job," Thirlmere said mercilessly. "To see that the Emir does not survive. To kill him." Her breast rose and fell painfully as she tried to grasp the idea. "So, you see, Sister, it is essential that I should operate on the Emir—"

Zamalek General Hospital the Emir Mahmoud sat enthroned in a chaise longue on a balcony out in the sunshine. His ancient eyes dwelt on the white houseboats tethered along the river for rich men's pleasure. He had heard that pashas and foreigners held parties on these boats, parties with European girls making merry far into the night. He drew his eyes away as a young Egyptian nurse came into his room.

"Excellency, there is a Sir Thirlmere, from London, to see you. He says he is an old friend."

The Emir's pleasure was signified only by a narrowing of his eyes. "I will receive him," he said.

Thirlmere came out on to the balcony, blinking in the sunlight, and made a clumsy salaam. "Peace on you, Protector of the Poor," he grinned. "Forgive my bad Arabic, but it's been a long time since I spoke it."

The Emir searched his face for a long time before he, too, broke into a smile. "I did not expect you, Sir Godfrey. Sit with me, please. What brings you to Cairo?"

Thirlmere looked at him oddly. "You did not know that Boutros Pasha had sent for me?"

"No, my friend. I—I am an old man and do not always know what is happening around me. My son told me he had sent for a famous surgeon who would cure me. He is educated in such matters." He shrugged heavily, for education of this kind meant little in the way of life to which he had been brought up. "He did not tell me it was you."

"Did you not think of me, O Great One, remembering that I had treated you when I was here during the war?"

The Emir sighed and looked

down upon his jewelled hands. "I thought of you, my English friend. I even mentioned your name to Boutros, but"—he shrugged again—"our Arab countries have not treated your country too well in these past years. I was not sure that you would wish to come so far to cure me."

"What have politics to do with healing the sick?" Thirlmere said softly. "What has nationality to do with friendship?"

"It is true," the Emir nodded. "But what in God's name am I to do with this other doctor my son has found?"

Thirlmere stood up and spoke tensely. "Is it your command that I operate on you, Excellency?"

"It is my command," the old man said softly.

"You do not fear—any bad reaction from your son and his followers?"

The Emir's eyes flashed and his fingers clenched nervously. "While I am alive they will never dare to go against me. I am old and weak, but in my life is my power."

"Very well, O Powerful One. I will tell Boutros that I want to operate immediately. And do not worry about the other surgeon. I will deal with him."

Back in his room at the Semiramis Hotel, Thirlmere telephoned Sister Fratton and gave her full instructions for preparing the patient. He had had a word with Boutros, and an operating room at the hospital was being made ready. Then he found out Manolescu's room number at the hotel and rang through to him, speaking in French.

"Thirlmere here, Doctor Manolescu. Do you remember me? We met at the 1953 Congress."

He heard a gasp at the other

To page 39

more

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sation in what he supposed was Rumanian.

"I was delighted to hear you were in Cairo," Thirlmere went on genially. "Quite a coincidence, isn't it? I wonder if you could spare a moment to come up to my room for a drink? Apart from the pleasure of seeing you again I have a rather difficult case on which I should value your opinion."

"Sir Godfrey, it is kind of you, but—"

"I'll expect you, then," Thirlmere finished heartily, and replaced the receiver.

Ten minutes later there was a knock on Thirlmere's door. Manolescu entered with two men in light grey suits—two men so alike in type that they could only have been policemen.

To them Thirlmere said, "I wish to consult Doctor Manolescu privately. Would you mind waiting outside, please?"

Manolescu translated the request into Rumanian. The two men hesitated, uncertain for a moment what to do. Clearly they had instructions to guard the Rumanian surgeon with their lives, but had little idea why. After staring expressionlessly at Thirlmere for a couple of seconds they turned slowly and retired.

"Do sit down, Doctor," Thirlmere said easily. He regarded the tired-looking little Rumanian with compassion.

"Doctor Manolescu, I want you to trust me," Thirlmere spoke very softly in French. "We have extremely little time, and what I am going to tell you may surprise you. I know why you have been brought here. I also know your—your difficulties at home in Bucharest. You are thinking of your wife, Vera, and your children, Magda and Marcu, aren't you? You are afraid for them?"

He paused, watching the effect of his words on Manolescu. The Rumanian's face was grey and wretched, and one muscle in his cheek quivered uncontrollably. His hands were clasped tightly across his thin stomach.

"Doctor Manolescu," Thirlmere went on urgently, "I want

Continuing . . . Doctor's Assignment

from page 37

Down in the operating room the Emir had lain unconscious for nearly three hours. Outside, along the Nile, the heat was unimaginable, the air a stifling blanket; clouds of flies were the only moving things.

But in the room it was cool. Every electric fan in the hospital had been collected there and a gale of chilled wind blew ceaselessly across the Emir's body, which was packed round

Well, Zaki knew his business; it was up to him. Thirlmere went out to have another look at the X-rays.

Twenty minutes later he returned, masked, gloved, costumed, with his ghostly retinue of nurses and a small band of Egyptian medical students.

The Emir's pulse, normally seventy-two, was now thirty-five. One heartbeat every second and a half. There was a rib to be removed, a human heart to be explored with human fingers, a heart still

more frequent, but still with maddening slowness. Forty heartbeats per minute, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty—

Only when Thirlmere was out of the theatre, taking off his operating gown, did he feel a great weariness. He washed his hands and they trembled slightly as he dried them.

"Sir Thirlmere!" A small and slender Egyptian nurse with huge black eyes stood before him waving a piece of paper. It was a form printed in Arabic and French. He took it and read it.

"Doctor Manolescu is your patient, Sir Thirlmere?"

"Not exactly. I ordered him in here for observation. How is he?"

"It is acute, sir. Doctor Boutros says will you please operate. There is a rush of cases, and all our surgeons are occupied for the next three hours."

Thirlmere sighed and lumbered to his feet. "Send Sister Fratton to me, please." Wearily he robed himself again. This was a job he could do in his sleep, anyway.

Next morning he stood over Doctor Manolescu's bed while the house physician examined him. "How are you feeling, Doctor?"

Manolescu gave him a tremulous smile. "Not bad, thank you. I am sorry that you were troubled by my trivial case."

"Nothing trivial about it," Thirlmere said. He nodded and smiled to the house physician, who scribbled something on the card at the end of the bed and discreetly withdrew. "Always a pleasure to whip out a friend's appendix," Thirlmere grunted. "Sorry you won't be able to return the compliment. Had mine out at school."

Manolescu's smile disappeared. He asked, "And the Emir—"

"He's fine. He'll live another ten years if he's careful."

Manolescu nodded uncomfortably. "He will find a difficult political situation when he returns to his country."

Thirlmere gave his patient a

penetrating look. "I don't think he will be going home just yet," he said. "He will spend his convalescence here in Egypt. I gather it will be—quite a long convalescence."

There was despair in Manolescu's eyes as he muttered, "It was good that you were able to save his life."

Thirlmere went on looking at him steadily. "You would have done the same, Doctor Manolescu. No matter what it cost you."

Manolescu's eyes blazed suddenly. He raised his head a few inches from the pillow and gripped Thirlmere's wrist urgently. "Yes. I would have done the same. You do believe that, Thirlmere? You must believe it!"

"I have never doubted it." The Rumanian's head fell back again. "Thank you. . . . How long must I stay here?"

"A few days only. You will be able to join your wife and children in London in about two weeks' time. I take it that you don't want to go back to Bucharest?"

"No. No, I do not," Manolescu's eyes searched his face. "You mean this, Sir Godfrey? You are not just telling me to—"

Thirlmere shook his head slowly.

"Forgive me. I have lived among lies for so long," Manolescu closed his eyes wearily. When he opened them again they were as eager as a child's. "We shall be able to work together in London, perhaps?"

"Of course."

"And you will accompany me when I go there?"

Thirlmere shook his head. "You'll be in safe hands," he smiled. "But I'm flying home tomorrow. I broke off a short holiday to come here. I promised my wife a few days' sailing and we're determined to have them."

Doctor Manolescu's brows arched solemnly. "People in England like to sail boats, I have heard."

"Yes," Thirlmere nodded. "They like to sail boats."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



with hot-water bottles full of ice and swathed in sheets soaked in cold water. Sister Fratton and an Egyptian anaesthetist moved about in silence, taking the patient's temperature with skin thermometers.

"Eighty-six Fahrenheit." "Lower still," the anaesthetist said.

The doors opened noiselessly and Thirlmere looked in. "Everything all right?"

Sister Fratton nodded. Thirlmere stared down at the body. There must be no shivering while he was working inside the heart. Zaki was a good anaesthetist, the best in Cairo.

beating with weird slowness. Then the return to life from a state impossibly near to death.

Thirlmere worked slowly in utter silence. He had but to lift his hand and Sister Fratton put into it or took from it whatever was necessary. At times there was no sound but the whirring of the electric fans, and the quick, tense breathing of a nervous student.

At the end of an hour it was over. Now Zaki took over once more, slowly warming the body again, taking skin temperatures, slowly removing the ice-packs, switching off the fans one by one. The pulse grew

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SEAFOOD RECIPES

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**
Our Food and Cookery Expert

MANY restaurants in Europe have tanks of salt water in which the fish swim until a customer selects the one she wants, then it is immediately caught and cooked. In Australia, if fish cannot be bought as fresh as this, the housewife at least should be sure the fish she selects has eyes that are bright and flesh firm and springy to the touch.

When cooking fish, try to preserve the delicate flavor, and avoid over-seasoning with the other ingredients in the same dish.

The fish is cooked when the flesh becomes white and flakes easily from the bones when broken with a fork.

All spoon measurements are level in the following recipes and quantities given are sufficient to serve four to six persons.

CRUMBED FISH WITH SAVORY RICE AND CURRY SAUCE

One pound thick fish fillets, seasoned flour, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 cup finely crushed dry breadcrumbs or breakfast cereal, 1 cup rice, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped red pepper or tomato, 2 cups curry sauce, fat or oil for frying.

Cut fish fillets into 2-inch squares, toss in seasoned flour, coat with a mixture of beaten egg and milk and toss in breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in hot fat or oil until golden brown, drain and keep hot. Cook rice in a large quantity of boiling water for 15 minutes, drain, rinse with hot water, and drain again. Mix in the onion, parsley, and red pepper, season with salt and pepper. Serve in the centre of a heated dish with the crumbed fish pieces around. Trickle a little of the following curry sauce over the rice and serve remainder separately.

Curry Sauce: Melt one tablespoon butter or margarine in a saucepan, add 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder, and 1 tablespoon flour; simmer for 3 minutes. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid (milk or half milk and fish stock) and continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Correct flavor with salt, pepper, and lemon juice before serving.

Note: Ready-crumbed frozen fish pieces can be used in place of the fresh fish fillets if desired. The crumbing process is then omitted.

Ways to cook fish

HERE are some basic methods of cooking fish usually available in Australia:

GRILL: Black bream, snapper, garfish, John Dory, mackerel, whiting, flounder, sole.

FRY: Flounder, black bream, snapper, flathead, garfish, sole.

BAKE: John Dory, Murray cod, flathead, bream, jewfish, tailor, snapper, trout, whiting.

STEAM: Leatherjacket, jewfish, kingfish, Murray cod, red and black bream, mullet, sole, tailor.

BOIL AND FLAKE (for made-up dishes): Barracouta, smoked haddock, tuna, salmon.

CRAB RAMEKINS

One and a half cups cooked crab meat, 1 large tin cream of celery soup, 1 small tin sliced cooked mushrooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced onion, salt, cayenne pepper, Tabasco sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter.

Flake crab meat, add to the celery soup, undrained mushrooms, and onion in a saucepan and heat slowly. Season to taste with salt, cayenne, and Tabasco sauce. Spoon into individual ramekin dishes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and lemon juice, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes.

ROLLED FISH FILLETS

One small packet frozen fish fillets (preferably narrow fillets), 2 tablespoons butter, 1 lemon, 1 onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped cooked prawns, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, salt, cayenne, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup cooked and shelled whole prawns, cucumber, parsley.

Allow frozen fillets to thaw gradually at room temperature, then skin if necessary and rub both sides lightly with cut lemon. Melt butter, grease muffin tins or deep patty tins thickly. Lightly fry chopped onion in remainder of melted butter. Stir in breadcrumbs, egg-yolk, and milk and simmer until mixture is thick. Season with salt, cayenne, and parsley, add chopped prawns and beaten egg-white. Divide and spread evenly over fillets, roll up and place in muffin-tins. Cover with a sheet of greased paper or aluminium foil and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with cucumber slices, whole prawns, and parsley.

STUFFED BAKED FISH

One whole fish (fresh or frozen), 1 lemon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen oysters, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped tarragon (optional), 1 onion, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, tomato wedges, potato crisps.

Clean and scale fish if necessary, remove head, fins, and tail and slit fish almost through on the underside. Rub flesh inside and outside with cut lemon and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Combine the bread cubes, chopped oysters, parsley, tarragon, finely chopped onion, salt, and pepper in a bowl. Bind together with beaten egg and fill into incision in fish. Secure opening with skewers or thread and place surplus filling in a small greased tin. Lift fish into well-greased baking-dish, place dots of butter on top, and cover with a piece of thickly greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven with the extra filling for 20 to 30 minutes, depending on size of fish. Remove skewers or thread and serve on a heated platter with extra filling, tomato wedges, and fried potato crisps.

FISH CREOLE

One packet frozen fish fillets (thawed) or 4 fresh flathead fillets, 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato juice, 1 chopped green pepper, 1

teaspoon minced onion, 1 sliced small onion, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 tin whole tomatoes, pinch oregano (optional), salt, pepper, few grains garlic salt, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine.

Rub fish fillets with cut lemon, sprinkle well with salt and pepper. Place fillets in greased baking-dish, add tomato juice and minced onion. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes, basting occasionally. Meanwhile saute green pepper and sliced onion in oil for 3 minutes, add whole tomatoes and juice, oregano, pepper, and garlic salt; simmer gently 20 minutes. Blend cornflour with water, stir into sauce. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour sauce over fish, sprinkle with breadcrumbs which

have been tossed in melted butter. Bake further 10 minutes or until top is golden brown.

FISH STEAKS ESPAGNOLE

Four to 6 thick fish steaks or fillets, 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 cups roughly chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon thyme, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Trim fish steaks to an even size, sprinkle with lemon juice and coat lightly with flour. Cook in heated butter until golden brown on both sides; drain and stand aside. Saute green pepper, onion, and celery in the butter,



Wholesome and delicious dishes can be prepared from the great variety of seafoods—fresh, frozen, and tinned—available in Australia



ANY of these tempting fish dishes would make good eating for meatless meals. Those illustrated include stuffed baked fish, seafood Tetrazzini, fish steaks Espagnole, rolled fish fillets, and crumbed fish served with savory rice and tasty curry sauce.

pepper, re-heat. Serve in individual dishes with a sprinkling of sliced olives and buttered crumbs on top.

Lobster, crayfish, or crab can replace the prawns in this recipe if desired.

SEAFOOD TETRAZZINI

One pound fish fillets, 1 onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white wine, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spaghetti, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 2 cups hot strained fish stock or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced cooked mushrooms, paprika, asparagus, green pepper, lemon.

Poach fish fillets in the wine and water with half the onion, cut into slices, for 15 minutes. Drain and cut into pieces. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water, drain and keep hot. Melt butter in pan, add remaining onion finely chopped, and fry lightly. Add flour and cook 3 to 5 minutes; cool. Gradually stir in the fish stock and when mixture boils and thickens simmer 5 minutes. Add mushrooms and seasonings, then fish pieces and stir in carefully. Serve hot on a bed of spaghetti. Sprinkle with paprika, garnish with asparagus, pepper slices, and lemon.

add tomatoes, and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Add seasonings to taste, vinegar, thyme, and sauce; pour mixture around fish on a heated platter and serve.

DEVILLED PRAWNS

Two cups cooked shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green shallots, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, stuffed olives, buttered crumbs.

Saute the onion, shallots, celery, and garlic in oil for 2 minutes. Add tomatoes, tomato sauce, and Worcestershire sauce and simmer 20 minutes. Add prawns, season with salt and

FISH FLORENTINE

Two cups finely shredded cooked spinach, 4 or 5 fillets bream, milk, 2 hardboiled eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups medium-thickness white sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, lemon juice, soft breadcrumbs, butter or substitute.

Steam fillets or poach in small quantity of milk in baking-dish in moderate oven. Chop cooked spinach finely, season with a little lemon juice and pepper. Spread over base of greased ovenware dish. Cover with a layer of chopped hardboiled eggs, season with salt and pepper. Cut fillets in halves, arrange on top of eggs and spinach, moisten with lemon juice. Mix cheese with sauce, pour over fish. Top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until top is brown.

SAUCES TO SERVE WITH FISH

Sauce Tartare: One cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon finely chopped capers, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped gherkins, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley.

Blend together all ingredients, adding extra seasonings of salt, cayenne pepper, and vinegar if desired. Serve cold.

Cucumber and Lemon Sauce: Two tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 white onion, 1 cucumber, 1 cup mayonnaise, salt, mustard.

Place lemon juice and rind, peeled roughly, chopped onion and cucumber and mayonnaise in an electric blender. Blend for 30 seconds, season to taste, chill, and serve.

Sauce Hollandaise 1: Combine 3 egg-yolks and 1 tablespoon cold water in a basin. Cook over boiling water, beating constantly until thick, remove, and very gradually stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cool melted butter, add lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste; serve warm.

Sauce Hollandaise 2: Melt 2oz. butter in top of double boiler, beat in 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and a little salt and pepper with a rotary beater until thick. Remove and serve warm.

BOUILLABAISSE (Fish Medley)

One pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. haddock or similar fish fillets, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lobster meat, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. scallops, 1 dozen oysters, 1 tablespoon butter or oil, 1 onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 bay leaf, 2 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fish stock, 1 large potato, 1 tablespoon white wine, salt, pepper, slices stale French bread.

Simmer haddock in the water until tender, allow to cool. Break into bite-sized pieces. Shell prawns, cut lobster in pieces, beard scallops, plunge into boiling water for 2 minutes, drain. Melt butter in large pan, add sliced onion, crushed garlic, curry powder, and bay leaf, fry lightly. Add roughly chopped tomatoes and fish stock with the finely sliced potato and simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Add scallops, cook another 5 minutes; then stir in all other seafoods. Cook 5 minutes, add wine, season to taste, serve.

To Serve: Strain off the liquid on to the slices of bread in a heated bowl and arrange fish-and-tomato mixture on a separate platter.

Note: The various types of seafood used in the recipe above can be altered to suit individual tastes.

JELLIED SALMON LOAF

One ounce gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 lb. tin salmon or 1 lb. cooked fresh salmon, 1 cup cottage cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives, 1 cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped gherkin, salad greens, French dressing.

Remove any skin and bones from salmon, break into pieces (reserve any liquid). Mix gelatine with cold water, add hot water, stir until dissolved. Add salt, lemon juice, and liquid from salmon; cool. Combine cheese, mayonnaise, chives, celery, parsley, and gherkin, stir into gelatine mixture with the salmon. Pour mixture into a greased mould, chill until firm. Unmould, garnish with salad greens. Serve with French dressing.



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PEANUT RECIPE CONTEST

First three progress prizes awarded

● Below are the first three £5 progress prizes awarded in our successful Peanut Recipe Contest. These progress prizes will be awarded each week throughout the contest, in which £1235 in prizes is to be won.

INCLUDED in the £1235 prizemoney is the Grand Champion Prize of £500, which can be won by a recipe entered in any of the three sections of the contest—Cakes and Biscuits, Desserts, and Miscellaneous.

Please note that the closing date for entries in this contest is April 10. The last progress prizes will appear in our issue dated April 29.

You can enter as many recipes as you like in each or all of the three sections, but please remember that peanuts or peanut products such as peanut oil or peanut butter are the one essential ingredient.

Send your entries to Peanut Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Here are the first progress prizewinners of £5 in each section:

1. CAKES and BISCUITS

Progress prize of £5 awarded to Mrs. N. Glacken, 226 Miller St., North Sydney, N.S.W., for:

CHOCOLATE NUT CAKE
Eight ounces self-raising flour, 1½oz. cocoa, 2oz. margarine, 3oz. peanut butter, 6oz. sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 dessert-spoon evaporated or top milk, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1oz. crushed peanuts.

Cream together margarine and peanut butter. Add sugar and vanilla, beat until light and fluffy. Sift dry ingredients together twice, add alternately with milks, starting and ending with dry ingredients. Fold in crushed peanuts mixed with the last amount of flour. Bake in well-greased square or loaf tin in moderate oven 55 to 60 minutes. Turn out, ice with chocolate butter icing, sprinkle with extra chopped peanuts.

2. DESSERTS

Progress prize of £5 awarded to Mrs. M. Cairns, 2 Hampden St., Hurlstone Park, N.S.W., for:

PINEAPPLE NUT GILGI
Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon milk.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour

alternately with milk. Fill mixture into greased 8in. recess cake-tin and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Pineapple Nut Filling: One cup finely diced or crushed pineapple (fresh or tinned), 1½ cups liquid made from drained fruit juice and water, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, ¼ cup water, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut (colored pale green), ½ cup chopped roasted peanuts.

Place pineapple, pineapple liquid, sugar, and cornflour which has been blended in the ¼ cup water in saucepan; stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens; cook further 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add beaten egg-yolk, butter, and half the peanuts, allow to cool. When quite cold, pile into recess in cake, sprinkle with coconut and remaining peanuts. Serve with whipped cream.

3. MISCELLANEOUS

(Meat, Fish, and Savory Dishes)

Progress prize of £5 awarded to Mrs. J. Sue Fong, 6 McKern St., Campsie, N.S.W., for:

PEANUT OX-TAIL SOUP AND RICE

Half pound raw peanuts, 1 ox-tail, 1 knob green ginger, salt to taste, ½ teaspoon rum or brandy.

Wash ox-tail thoroughly and trim off fatty pieces, cut through joints. Shell and skin peanuts. Place ox-tail and shelled peanuts into large saucepan, add water to cover and ginger, and bring to boil. Boil for ½ hour. Simmer for extra 3 hours over very low flame. When meat sections are breaking away from the bone, add rum and salt. Serve with spoonfuls of boiled rice.



£5 for savory medley recipe

● This week in our popular regular recipe contest the £5 prize is awarded for a savory dish suitable to serve at buffet or fork meals.

THE prizewinner, in her letter, said she often makes this recipe when guests are expected, cooking it well beforehand and reheating it in a covered dish in the oven.

All spoon measurements are level.

BUFFET MEDLEY

Two pounds fillet of pork or 2lb. chicken meat or mixture of both, 4 cups water, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed), 1 cup diced ham, 1 cup shelled prawns (optional), ½lb. beans, ½lb. shelled peas, ½ small cauliflower (broken into flowerets), ½ small cabbage, 2 grated carrots, 1 uncooked beetroot, 2 onions, 1 gherkin, 1 clove garlic, 2 pkts. chicken soup, extra 1 cup water, 1oz. cornflour.

Combine pork, chicken meat, and chopped bacon in saucepan with water. Cover and cook until meat is tender. Strain off liquid, reserve; cut meat into large dice, add ham and prawns (if used), set aside to keep hot while preparing vegetables. Place sliced beans, peas, cauliflower pieces, shredded cabbage, carrots, chopped onion, and crushed garlic in saucepan with liquid in which meat cooked. Stir in contents from packets of soup, bring to boil; simmer 12 to 15 minutes.

Strain vegetables and arrange on large serving-dish. Add grated beetroot and chopped gherkin, toss lightly. Place prepared meats in centre of dish. Blend cornflour in

extra water, add to strained meat liquid, and stir over heat until thickened. Pour over meat and vegetables.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Walter, 5 Goodwin Terrace, Moorooka, Brisbane.

Advice on baby's skin troubles

AT this time of the year many babies and children suffer from prickly heat.

Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse, has prepared a leaflet giving advice on relieving the discomforts of this and other irritating skin rashes in infancy.

These leaflets are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



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which would bring your head below the level of the upper deck. Did you do this?"

A strange and unlovely look had crept into Mr. Cuddy's face, a look at once furtive and—the word flashed up in Alleyn's thoughts—salacious.

"I do hope," Alleyn went on, "that you will tell me if this is in fact what happened. Surely there can be no reason why you shouldn't."

"Go on, Fred," Mrs. Cuddy urged. "They'll only get thinking things."

"Exactly," Alleyn agreed. "All right, then," Mr. Cuddy said angrily. "I did. Now!"

"Why? Was it because of something you saw? No? Or heard?"

"Heard's more like it."

"Voices?"

"Sort of."

"What the hell," Captain Bannerman broke out, "do you mean, sort of? You heard someone talking or you didn't?"

"Not to say talking." "Well, what were they doing—singing?" Captain Bannerman demanded.

"That," said Mr. Cuddy, "came later."

There was a deadly little silence.

Alleyn said, "The first time was it one voice? Or two?"

"Sounded to me like one. Sounded to me—" he looked sidelong at his wife—"like hers. You know, Mrs. Blick." He squeezed his hands together and added, "I thought at the time it was, well—just a bit of fun."

Mrs. Cuddy said, "Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting."

Father Jourdain made a small sound of distress. Brigid thought, "This is the worst thing yet," and couldn't look at the Cuddys. But Miss Abbott watched them with hatred, and Mr. McAngus, who had not uttered a word since he was summoned, murmured, "Must we! Oh, must we!"

"I so agree," Aubyn Dale began with an alcoholic travesty of his noblest manner. "Indeed, indeed, must we?"

Alleyn lifted a hand and said, "The answer, I'm afraid, is that indeed, indeed, we must. Without interruption, if possible." He waited for a moment and then turned again to Cuddy. "So you sat on the steps and listened. For how long?"

"I don't know how long. Until I heard the other thing."

"The singing?" He nodded. "It sort of faded out. In the distance. So I knew he'd gone."

"Did you form any idea," Alleyn asked him, "who it was?"

Mr. Cuddy said loudly, "Yes. I did."

"Well?"

"Well, it was what he was singing. You know. The chune," said Mr. Cuddy.

"What was it?" He turned his head and looked at Aubyn Dale.

"You couldn't fail to pick it. It's an old favorite. 'Pack Up Your Troubles.' After all," Cuddy said, grinning mirthlessly at Aubyn Dale, "it's your theme song, Mr. Dale, isn't it?"

There was no outcry from any of the onlookers, not even from Aubyn Dale himself. He merely stared at Cuddy as if at some unidentifiable monster. He then turned slowly, looked at Alleyn and wetted his lips.

"You can't pay any attention to this," he said with difficulty, running his words together. "It's pure fantasy. I went to my cabin, didn't go out on deck." He passed his hand across his eyes. "I don't know that I can prove it. I—can't think of anything. But it's true, all the same. Must be some way of proving it. Because it's true."

Alleyn said, "Shall we tackle that one a bit later? Mr. Cuddy hasn't finished his state-

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

[from page 21]

ment. I should like to know, Mr. Cuddy, what you did next."

Cuddy gave his wife one of his sidelong glances, and then slid his gaze over to Alleyn. "I haven't got anything to conceal," he said. "I went up and I thought—I mean it seemed kind of quiet. I mean—you don't want to get fanciful, Eth—I got the idea I'd see if she was O.K. So I—so I went into that place and she didn't move and I touched her hand. She had gloves on. When I touched it, it sort of slid sideways like it wasn't anything belonging to anybody and I heard it thump on the deck. And I thought, she's fainted. So, in the dark, I felt around and I touched her face and—and—then I knew and—Gawd, Eth, it was ghastly!"

"Never mind, Fred." "I don't know what I did. I got out of it. I suppose I ran round the side. I wasn't myself. Next thing I knew I was in the doorway there and—well, I come over faint and I passed out. That's all. I never did anything else, I swear I didn't. Gawd's my judge, I didn't."

ALLEYN looked thoughtfully at him for a moment and said: "That, then, is an account of the discovery by the man who made it. So far, of course, there's no way of checking, but in the meantime we shall use it as a working hypothesis. Now, Mr. McAngus."

Mr. McAngus sat in a corner. He seemed to be trying to protect himself from anything anybody might feel inclined to say to him. He gazed dolorously at Alleyn as the likeliest source of assault.

"Mr. McAngus," Alleyn began, "when did you leave this room?"

"I don't remember."

"You were still here when I left. That was after Mrs. Dillington-Blick had gone. Did you leave before or after Mr. and Mrs. Cuddy?" He added, "I would rather Mr. McAngus was not prompted." Several of Mr. McAngus's fellow passengers who had opened their mouths shut them again.

Mr. McAngus blinked twice at Alleyn and said, "I am too upset to remember. If I tried I should only muddle myself and you. A dreadful tragedy has happened; I cannot begin to think of anything else."

Alleyn, his hands in his coat pockets, said dryly, "Perhaps, after all, a little help is called for. May we go back to a complaint you made to Captain Bannerman before you went to bed. You said, I think, that somebody had been taking the hyacinths that Mrs. Dillington-Blick gave you."

"Oh, yes. Two. I noticed the second had gone this morning."

"The hyacinths are growing, aren't they, in a basket which I think is underneath your port-hole?"

"I keep them there for the fresh air."

"Have you any idea who was responsible?"

Mr. McAngus drew down his upper lip. "I am very much averse," he said, "to making unwarranted accusations, but I confess I have wondered about the steward. He is always admiring them. Or, then again, he might have knocked one off by accident. But he denies it."

"What color was it?"

"White, a handsome spike. I believe the name is Virgin Queen."

Alleyn withdrew a handker-

chief from his pocket and, laying it on the table, disclosed a white hyacinth, scarcely wilted.

Mr. McAngus gave a stifled cry. Brigid felt Tim's hand close on hers. She saw again in an instantaneous muddle the mangled doll, the paragraphs in the newspapers, and the basket of hyacinths that Dennis had brought in on their first morning at sea. She heard Miss Abbott say, "I beg you not to speak, Mrs. Cuddy," and Mrs. Cuddy's inevitable cry of "Hyacinths! Fred!"

"Is that it?" Alleyn asked. Mr. McAngus moved slowly to the table and stopped.

"Don't touch it, if you please."

"It—it looks like it."

Mrs. Cuddy said shrilly, "Wherever did you find it?"

Mr. Cuddy said, "Never mind, Eth," but Mrs. Cuddy's deductive capacity was under a hard drive. She stared, entranced, at the hyacinth. Everyone knew what she was about to say, no one was able to forestall it.

"My Gawd!" said Mrs. Cuddy. "You never found it on the corpse! My Gawd, Fred, it's the Flower Murderer's done it! He's on the ship, Fred, and we can't get off!"

Miss Abbott raised her hands and brought them down heavily on her knees. "We've been asked to keep quiet," she cried out. "Can't you, for pity's sake, hold your tongue!"

"Gently, my child," Father Jourdain murmured.

Alleyn said, "It will be obvious to all of you before long that this crime has been committed by the so-called Flower Murderer. At the moment, however, that's a matter which need not concern us. Now, Mr. McAngus. You left this room immediately after Mr. and Mrs. Cuddy. Did you go straight to your cabin?"

After a great deal of painstaking elucidation it was at last collected from Mr. McAngus that he had strayed out through the double doors of the lounge to the deck, had walked round the passengers' block to the port side, had gazed into the heavens for a few addled minutes, and had re-entered by the door into the interior passageway and thus arrived at his own quarters.

As he had not been seen by anybody else after he had left the lounge, his statement could only be set down for what it was worth and left to simmer.

Alleyn turned to Aubyn Dale.

Dale was slumped in his chair. He presented a sort of travesty of the splendid figure they had grown accustomed to. His white dinner-jacket was unbuttoned. His tie was crooked, his rope-soled shoes were unlatched, his hair was disordered, and his eyes were imperfectly focused. His face was deadly pale.

Alleyn said, "Now, Mr. Dale, are you capable of giving me an account of yourself?"

Dale crossed his legs and with some difficulty joined the tips of his fingers.

"Captain Bannerman," he said, "I think you realised I'm ver' close friend of the general manager of y'r company. He's going to hear juss how I've been treated in this ship and he's not going to be pleased about it."

Captain Bannerman said, "You won't get anywhere that road, Mr. Dale. Not with me nor with anyone else."

Dale threw up his hands in an unco-ordinated gesture. "All right. On y'own head!"

Alleyn crossed the room and stood over him. "You're drunk," he said, "and I'd very much

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SPORTSCRAFT

To page 45

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rather you were sober, I'm going to ask you a question that may have a direct bearing on a charge of murder. This is not a threat, it is a statement of fact. In your own interest you'd better pull yourself together if you can and answer me. Can you do that?"

Dale said, "I know I'm plastered. It's not fair. Doc, I'm plastered, aren't I?"

Alleyn looked at Tim. "Can you do anything?"

"I can give him something, yes. It'll take a little time."

"I don't want anything," Dale said. "I'll be O.K.," he muttered and actually did seem to have taken some sort of hold over himself. "Go on," he added with an air of heroic fortitude. "I can take it."

"Very well. After you left this room tonight you went out on deck. You went to the verandah. You stood beside the chaise longue where the body was found. What were you doing there?"

Dale's face softened as if it had been struck. He said, "You don't know what you're talking about."

"Do you deny that you were there?"

"Refuse to answer," Alleyn glanced at Tim, who went out.

"If you're capable of thinking," Alleyn said, "you must know where that attitude will take you. I'll give you a minute."

"Tell you, I refuse."

Dale looked from one of his fellow passengers to the other—the Cuddys, Brigid, Miss Abbot, Father Jourdain, Mr. McAngus—and he found no comfort anywhere.

"You'll be saying presently," he said with a sort of laugh, "that I had something to do with it."

"I'm saying now that I've found indisputable evidence that you stood beside the body. In your own interest don't you think you'd be well advised to tell me why you didn't at once report what you saw?"

"Suppose I deny it?"

"In your boots," Alleyn said dryly, "I wouldn't." He

Continuing Singing in the Shrouds

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pointed to Dale's rope-soled shoes. "They're still damp," he said.

Dale drew his feet back as if he'd scorched them.

"Well, Mr. Dale?"

"I—I didn't know—I didn't know there was anything the matter. I didn't know he—I mean she—was dead."

"Really? Did you not say anything? Did you just stand there meekly and then run away?"

He didn't answer.

"I suggest that you had come into the verandah from the starboard side—the side opposite to that used by Mr. Cuddy. I also suggest that you had been hiding by the end of the locker near the verandah corner."

Unexpectedly Dale behaved in a manner that was incongruously, almost embarrassingly, theatrical. He crossed his wrists, palms outward, before his face and then made a violent gesture of dismissal. "No!" he protested. "You don't understand. You frighten me. No!"

The door opened and Tim Makepiece returned. He stood, keeping it open and looking at Alleyn.

Alleyn nodded and Tim, turning his head to the passage, also nodded.

A familiar scent drifted into the stifled room. There was a tap of high heels in the passage. Through the door, dressed in a wonderful negligee, came Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

Mrs. Cuddy made a noise that was not loud but strangled. Her husband and McAngus got to their feet, the latter looking as if he had seen a phantom and the former as if he were going to faint again. But if, in fact, they were about to say or do anything more they were forestalled. Brigid gave a shout of astonishment and relief and gratitude.

She ran across the room and took Mrs. Dillington-Blick's hands in hers and kissed her. She was half crying, half laughing. "It wasn't you!" she

stammered. "You're all right. I'm so glad. I'm so terribly glad."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick gazed at her in amazement.

"You don't even know what's happened, do you?" Brigid went on. "Something quite dreadful but—"

She stopped short. Tim had come to her and put his arm round her. "Wait a moment, my darling," he said and she turned to him. "Wait a moment," he repeated and drew her away.

Mrs. Dillington-Blick looked



in bewilderment at Aubyn Dale.

"What's all the fuss?" she asked. "Have they found out?"

He floundered across the room and seized Mrs. Dillington-Blick by the arms, shaking and threatening her.

"Rubb. don't speak!" he said. "Don't say anything. Don't tell them. Don't you dare!"

"Has everyone gone mad?" asked Mrs. Dillington-Blick. She wrenched herself out of Dale's grip.

"Don't!" she said and pushed away the hand that he

actually tried to lay across her mouth. "What's happened? Have they found out?" And after a moment, with a change of voice: "Where's Dennis?"

"Dennis," Alleyn said, "has been murdered."

It was, apparently, Mr. Cuddy who was most disturbed by the news of Dennis' death, but his was an inarticulate agitation. He merely stopped smiling, opened his mouth, developed a slight tremor of the hands, and continued to gaze incredulously at Mrs. Dillington-Blick. His wife, always predictable, put her hand over his and was heard to say that someone was trying to be funny. Mr. McAngus kept repeating, "Thank God. I thank God!" in an unnatural voice. Miss Abbott said loudly, "Why have we been misled? An abominable trick!" while Aubyn Dale crumpled back into his chair and buried his face in his hands.

Mrs. Dillington-Blick herself, Alleyn thought, was bewildered and frightened. She looked once at Aubyn Dale and away again, quickly. She turned helplessly towards Captain Banerman, who patted her shoulder.

"Never you fret," he said, and glared uneasily at Alleyn. "You ought to have had it broken to you decently, not sprung on you without a word of warning. Never mind. No need to upset yourself."

She turned from him to Alleyn and held out her hands. "You make me nervous," she said. "It's not true, is it? Why are you behaving like this? You're angry, aren't you? Why have you brought me here?"

"If you'll sit down," he said, "I'll tell you." She tried to take his hands. "No, just sit down, please, and listen."

Father Jourdain went to her. "Come along," he said, and led her to a chair.

"He's a plain-clothes detective, Mrs. Blick," Mrs. Cuddy announced with a kind of angry triumph. "We've all been

spied upon and made mock of and put in danger of our lives, and now there's a murderer loose in the ship and he says it's one of us. In my opinion—"

"Mrs. Cuddy," Alleyn said, "I must ask you for the moment to be quiet."

Mr. Cuddy, automatically and for the last time on the voyage, said, "Steady, Ethell!"

"Indeed," Alleyn went on, "I must ask you all to be quiet and to listen carefully. You will understand that a state of emergency exists and that I have the authority to deal with it. The steward, Dennis, has been killed in the manner you have all discussed so often. He was clad in the Spanish dress Mrs. Dillington-Blick bought in Las Palmas and the interference is that he was killed in mistake for her."

"He was lying in the chair in the unlit verandah. The upper part of his face was veiled and it was much too dark to see the mole at the corner of his mouth. In the hearing of all the men in this room Mrs. Dillington-Blick had said she was going to the verandah. She did go there. I met her there and went with her to the lower deck and thence to her cabin door. She was wearing a black lace dress not unlike the Spanish one. I returned here and almost immediately Mr. Cuddy arrived, announcing that he had discovered her and that she was dead. Apparently he had been deceived by the dress. Dr. Makepiece examined the body and says death had occurred no more than a few minutes before he did so."

"For reasons which I shall give you when we have time for them, there can be no question of his having been murdered by some member of the ship's complement. His death is the fourth in the series that you have so often discussed and one of the passengers is, in my opinion, undoubtedly responsible for all of them. For the moment you'll have to accept that."

He waited. Aubyn Dale suddenly demanded, "Where's Merryman?"

"That's right!" Mr. Cuddy

said. "Where is he? All this humbugging the rest of us about. Insinuations here and questions there! And Mr. Know-all Merryman mustn't be troubled, I suppose!"

"Personally," Mrs. Cuddy added, "I wouldn't trust him."

"Mr. Merryman," Alleyn said, "is asleep in bed. He's been very sick and I decided to leave him there until we actually needed him."

"He was well enough to go to the pictures," Mrs. Cuddy pointed out. "I think the whole thing looks very funny."

Brigid suddenly found herself exclaiming indignantly, "Why do you say it looks 'funny'? Mr. Merryman has already pointed out what a maddening incorrect expression it is and he is ill and he only came to the pictures because he's naughty and obstinate and I think he's a poppet and certainly not a murderer, and I'm sorry to interrupt but I do."

"It will be obvious to you all," Alleyn went on exactly as if there had been no interruption, "that I must find out why the steward was there and why he was dressed in this manner. It is here that you, Mrs. Dillington-Blick, can help us."

"Ruby!" Dale whispered, but she was not looking at him.

"It was only a joke," she said. "We did it for a joke. How could we possibly know—?"

"We? You mean you and Mr. Dale, don't you?"

"And Dennis. Yes. It's no good, Aubyn. I can't not say."

"Did you give Dennis the dress?"

"Yes."

"After Las Palmas?"

"Yes. He'd been awfully obliging and he said—you know what an odd little creature he was—he admired it awfully and I, I told you, I took against it after the doll business. So I gave it to him. He said he wanted to dress up for a joke at some sort of birthday party the stewards were having."

"On Friday night?"

"Yes. He wanted me not to say anything. That was why."

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when you asked me about the dress, I didn't tell you. I wondered if you knew. Did you?"

Alleyn was careful not to look at Captain Bannerman. "It doesn't arise at the moment," he said.

The captain made an indeterminate rumbling noise that culminated in utterance.

"Yes, it does!" he roared. "Fair's fair and little though I may fancy the idea, I'm not a man to shirk my responsibilities." He jerked his head at Alleyn. "The superintendent," he said, "came to me and told me somebody had been seen fooling about the for'ard well-deck in that damned dress. He said he hadn't seen it himself, and whoever did see it reckoned it was Mrs. Dillington-Blick. And why not, I thought? Her dress, and why wouldn't she be wearing it? He asked me to make inquiries and stop a repetition. I didn't see my way to interfering and I wouldn't give my consent to him doing it on his own. All my time as master, I've observed a certain attitude towards my passengers. I didn't see fit to change it. I was wrong. I didn't believe I'd shipped a murderer. Wrong again. Dead wrong. I don't want it overlooked or made light of. I was wrong."

Alleyn said, "That's a very generous statement," and thought it best to carry on. "I had not seen the figure in the Spanish dress," he said. "I had been told it was Mrs. Dillington-Blick and there was no reason that anybody would accept to suppose it wasn't. I merely had a notion, unsupported by evidence, that the

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behaviour as reported was uncharacteristic."

Brigid said, "It was I who told about it. Mr. Alleyn asked me if I was sure it was Mrs. Dillington-Blick and I said I was."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick said, "Dennis told me what he'd done. He said he'd always wanted to be a dancer." She looked at Alleyn. "When you asked me if I would wear the dress to dance by the light of the moon, I thought you'd seen him and mistaken him for me. I didn't tell you. I pretended it was me, because—" her face crumpled and she began to cry—"because we were planning the joke."

"Well," Alleyn said, "there it was. And now I shall tell you what I think happened. I think, Mr. Dale, that with your fondness for practical jokes you suggested that it would be amusing to get the steward to dress up tonight and go to the verandah, and that you arranged with Mrs. Dillington-Blick to let it be understood that she herself was going to be there. Is that right?"

Aubyn Dale had sobered up considerably. Something of his old air of conventional decency had reappeared. He exhibited all the concern of a good chap who is overwhelmed with self-reproach.

"Of course," he said, "I'll never forgive myself for this. It's going to haunt me for the rest of my life. But how could I know? How could I know?"

How could I know! We—I mean, I—I take the whole responsibility—" he threw a glance, perhaps slightly reproachful, at Mrs. Dillington-Blick—"I just thought it would be rather amusing to do it. The idea was that this poor little devil should—" he hesitated and stole a look at Mr. McAngus and Mr. Cuddy—"well, should go to the verandah, as you say, and if anybody turned up he was just to

adult life, she appealed to someone of her own sex. "Brigid!" she said. "Tell me I needn't feel like this. It's not fair. I'm hating it."

Brigid went to her. "I can't tell you, you needn't," she said, "but we all know you do, and that's much better than not minding at all. At least—" she appealed to Alleyn—"isn't it?"

"Of course it is." Mr. McAngus, tying himself up in a sort of agonised knot of sympathy, said, "You mustn't think about it. You mustn't re-



sort of string them along a bit. I mean, putting it like that in cold blood after what's happened, it may sound rather poor, but—"

He stopped and waved his hands.

Miss Abbott broke her self-imposed silence. She said, "It sounds common, cheap, and detestable."

"I resent that, Miss Abbott."

"You can resent it till you're purple in the face, but the fact remains. To plot with the steward! To make a vulgar practical joke out of what may have been the wretched little creature's tragedy—his own private, inexorable weakness—his devil!"

"My child!" Father Jourdain said. "You must stop." But she pointed wildly and clumsily at Cuddy. "To trick that man! To use his idiotic, hopeless infatuation! And the other—"

"No, no. Please!" Mr. McAngus cried out. "It doesn't matter. Please!"

Miss Abbott looked at him with what might have been a kind of compassion and turned on Mrs. Dillington-Blick. "And you," she said, "with your beauty and fascination, with everything that unhappy women long for, to lend yourself to such a thing! To give him your lovely dress, to allow him to so much as touch it! What were you thinking of! She ground her heavy hands together. "Beauty is sacred!" she cried. "It is sacred in its own right; you have committed sacrilege!"

"Katherine, you must come away. As your priest, I insist. You will do yourself irreparable harm. Come with me."

For the first time she seemed to hear him. The familiar look of mulish withdrawal returned and she got up.

"Alleyn?" Father Jourdain asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Come along," he said, and Miss Abbott let him take her away.

"That woman's upset me," Mrs. Dillington-Blick said, angrily sobbing. "I don't feel at all well. I feel awful."

"Ruby, darling!"

"No! No, Aubyn, don't paw me. We shouldn't have done it. You shouldn't have started it. I feel ghastly."

Captain Bannerman squared his shoulders and approached her. "Nor you!" she said, and, perhaps for the first time in her

proach yourself. You are goodness itself. Oh, don't!"

Mrs. Cuddy sniffed piercingly.

"It's this awful heat," Mrs. Dillington-Blick moaned. "One can't think." She had, in fact, gone very white. "I—I feel faint."

Alleyn opened the double doors. "I was going to suggest," he said, "that we let a little air in." Brigid put her arm round Mrs. Dillington-Blick and Tim went over to her. "Can you manage?" he asked. "Come outside."

They helped her through the doors. Alleyn moved Mr. Merryman's chair so that its back was turned to the lounge and Mrs. Dillington-Blick sank out of sight. "Will you stay here?" Alleyn asked. "When you feel more like it I should be glad of another word with you. I'll ask Dr. Makepiece to come and see how you are."

Alleyn had a further word with Tim, and then the two men went back into the room.

Alleyn said, "I'm afraid I must press on. I shall need all the men, but if you, Mrs. Cuddy, would rather go to your cabin, you may."

"I prefer to stay with Mr. Cuddy, thank you."

Mr. Cuddy moistened his lips and said, "Look, Eth, you toddle off."

"I wouldn't fancy being there by myself."

"You'll be O.K., dear."

"What about you, though?" He didn't look at her. "I'll be O.K.," he said.

She was staring at him, expressionless as always. It was odd to see that her eyes were masked in tears.

"Oh, Fred," Mrs. Cuddy said, "why did you do it?"

The four men in the lounge behaved exactly as if Mrs. Cuddy had uttered an indecency. They looked anywhere but at the Cuddys, they said nothing, and then after a moment eyed Alleyn surreptitiously, as if they expected him to take drastic action.

His voice broke across the little void of silence.

"Why did he do what, Mrs. Cuddy?"

"Eth," Mr. Cuddy said, "for goodness' sake choose your words. They'll be thinking things, Eth. Be careful."

She didn't take her eyes off

him, and though she seemed to disregard completely what he had said to her, Alleyn thought that she was scarcely aware of anybody else in the room. Mr. Cuddy returned her gaze with a look of terror.

"You know how I feel about it," she said, "and yet you go on. Making an exhibition of yourself. I blame her, mind, more than I do you; she's a wicked woman, Fred. She's poking fun at you. I've seen her laughing behind your back with the others. I don't care," Mrs. Cuddy went on, raising her voice and indicating the inarticulate back of Mrs. Dillington-Blick's deck-chair, "if she hears what I say. What's happened is her fault; she's as good as responsible for it. And you had to go and chase after her and get yourself mixed up with a corpse. I hope it'll be a lesson to you." A kind of spasm twitched at her mouth and her eyes overflowed. She ended as she had begun. "Oh, Fred," Mrs. Cuddy said again, "why did you do it?"

"I'm sorry, dear. It was just a bit of fun."

"Fun!" Her voice broke. She went up to him and made a curious gesture, a travesty of playfulness, shaking her fist at him. "You old fool!" she said.

"You don't want to misunderstand Mrs. Cuddy," Mr. Cuddy ventured. "I'm not a violent man. I'm quiet."

Captain Bannerman cleared his throat. "It looks to me," he said, "as if you'll have to prove that." He glanced at the open doors to the deck, at the back of Mrs. Dillington-Blick's chair.

With some emphasis he shut the doors.

"Carry on, if you please, Mr. A'leen," he said.

But Aubyn Dale, who for some time had been casting furtive glances at the bar, cut in. "Look, I need a drink. Is there anything against my ringing for the steward?"

"Which steward?" Captain Bannerman asked, and Dale said, "Heavens, I forgot."

"We'll do our drinking," the captain pronounced, "later. Mr. Cuddy, I'll thank you to take a seat."

Mr. Cuddy said, "That's all right, Captain. Don't rush us. I'd still like to know why we don't send for Merryman," and he pulled out his chair, sat back in it with an affectation of ease, and stared, nervously impatient, at Alleyn.

Aubyn Dale said, "I must say, seeing this gets more like a board meeting every second, I don't see why Merryman should have leave of absence. Unless—" He paused and the others stirred, suddenly alert eager. "Unless—"

"If this were a normal investigation," Alleyn said, "I would see each of you separately while the others were kept under observation. In these circumstances I can't do that; I am taking each of your statements now in the presence of you all. That being done I shall send for Mr. Merryman."

"Why the devil should he be the kingpin?" Dale demanded, and then took the plunge. "Unless he did it!"

"Mr. Merryman," Alleyn rejoined, "sat in the deck-chair now occupied by Mrs. Dillington-Blick. He was still there when the men left this room. He commanded a view of the deck, each side of it. He could see both approaches to the verandah. He is, therefore, the key witness. His temperament is not complaisant. If he were here he'd try to run the whole show. I therefore prefer to let you account for yourselves now and bring him in a little later."

"That's all very well," Mr. Cuddy said. "But suppose he did it. Suppose he's the Flower Murderer. How about that?"

"In that case, being ignorant



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JERRY LEWIS —MAGICIAN IN JAPAN

★ In "The Geisha Boy" — his third film as producer and star — lanky, likeable comedian Jerry Lewis plays a bungling small-time magician who goes to Japan and Korea with an Army entertainment unit and is the cause of a series of almost international incidents.

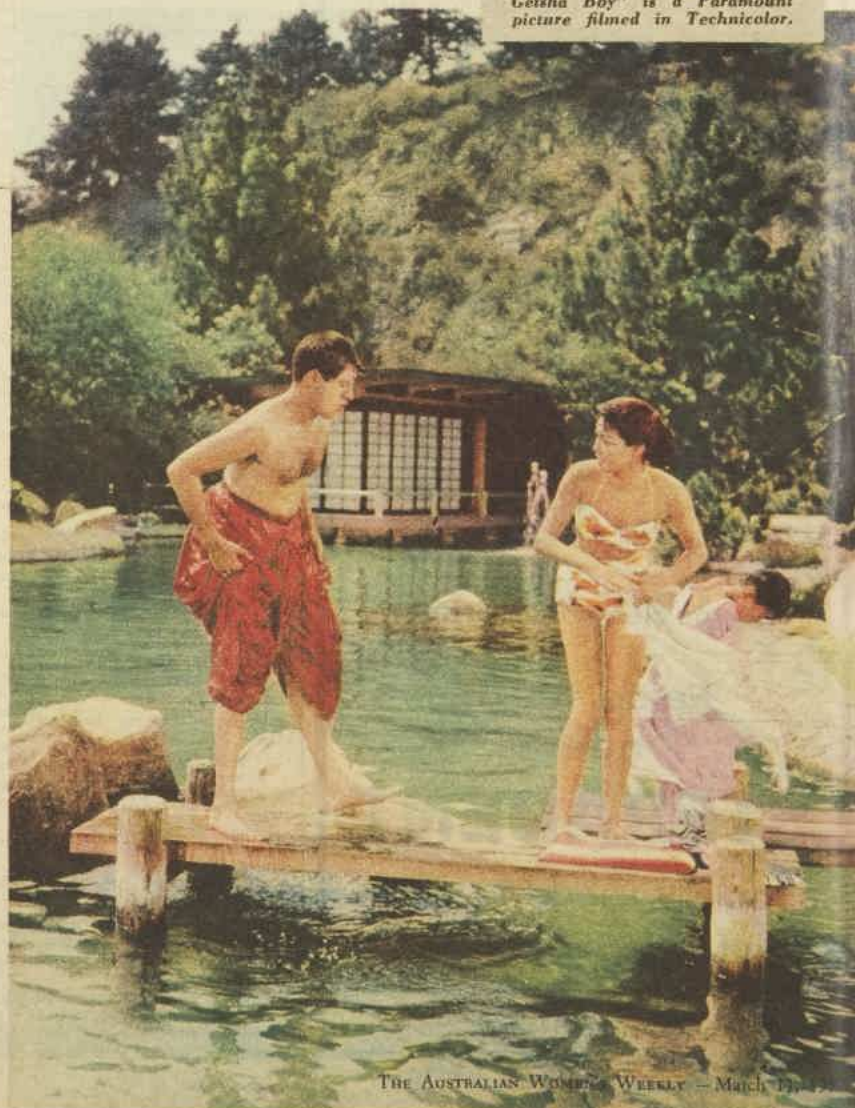
In Japan he is befriended by a lonely six-year-old Japanese orphan (Robert Hirano) and a lovely Japanese interpreter (Nobu McCarthy), who become part of his act. Harry, a talented white rabbit, is the star.

Sessue Hayakawa, as Nobu's father, a bridge-building hobbyist, figures in one of the film's comedy highlights, a burlesque on "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

BUNGLING magician Lewis proves to be equally awkward offstage when Nobu persuades him to go bathing with her in this charming river pool. "The Geisha Boy" is a Paramount picture filmed in Technicolor.

"THE GREAT WOOLEY" (Jerry Lewis) and his act come good when he takes on appealing little Robert Hirano and pretty Nobu McCarthy as his assistants.

INTRODUCTION of Jerry by Nobu to her father, Sessue Hayakawa, leads to a hilarious spoof by Hayakawa of his last film, "The Bridge on the River Kwai."



"THE GEISHA BOY"



Films WITH AINSLIE BAKER

SMILING from behind the Japanese fan are 23-year-old Nobu McCarthy, a kimono-clad Jerry Lewis, and his new six-year-old discovery, Robert Hirano.

THREE little Japanese girls in national dress perform a ceremonial dance in this delightful film sequence while a serious Robert supplies the traditional music.

AN UNEMPLOYED magician at home, Jerry is quick to adopt the ways of the Japanese and is soon riding happily in a rickshaw.



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TELEVISION PARADE

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"GRAND OLE OPRY" started 29 years ago as a commercial radio show. It comes from Nashville, Tennessee, where it originates as a 4½-hour stage show of country and western style singing and dancing.

From this live show comes the radio show that has raged on regardless for those 29 years and which is said to have been seen live by 5,000,000 people.

The radio show is so good that it has been sponsored week in, week out since 1939 by the same tobacco company.

In 1955 "Grand Ole Opry" became a TV show and in America enjoys the same popularity as it has for years on radio.

Its big star is Roy Acuff, who is said to have sold 21,000,000 of his own recordings, a figure so large that it's hard to believe.

Acuff is a composer as well as a singer. Two of his best-known songs are "Come Back, Little Darlin'" and "As Long As I Live."

The Sunday show should be well worth seeing. As well as Acuff and the other stars, Australia's Tex Morton, that polished showman, will be there, too.

Tex has often appeared on "Grand Ole Opry" in Nashville, and has done quite a lot of recording there, too.

He says "Grand Ole Opry" is a fantastic show. "There's no show like it here," he said. "It's a national institution."

★ ★ ★

THE business of communications in Sydney's post office today would bewilder Australia's first postmaster, Isaac Nichols. All Isaac did when he was appointed in 1809 was to establish Australia's first post restante service—to hold letters for delivery.

He didn't even dream of pictures that materialised from the air and involved the post office in the business of issuing television licences.

But Isaac Nichols' great-grandson Wally Nichols did dream of television and in 1928 he built a TV transmitting and receiving set, believed to be the first one in Australia.

Mr. Nichols' TV was strictly a closed-circuit job and the pictures he transmitted were static objects—TV still-lives. The first picture he sent successfully was a set of books arranged in front of his transmitter.

You can imagine that it wasn't a very clear picture, for it had only 16 lines. (Australian TV today, acknowledged to be the best in the world technically, has a picture—on any size screen—made up of 625 lines. Britain's TV picture has only 405, America's 525 lines.)

The Nichols TV set was exhibited at the Radio and



JOHN RUSSELL, who, as Marshal Dan Troop, is the latest Western hero on Australian TV. Troop is the hero of "The Lawman" (Channel 9, Tuesday, March 10, 7.30 p.m.) and keeps the peace at Laramie, Wyoming. Laramie doesn't like lawmen and Troop's first job when he gets there is to find the man who shot the last marshal.

Electrical Exhibition at the Sydney Town Hall in 1929.

Mr. Nichols said he was inspired by Press reports of John Baird's successful TV experiments in 1925 and 1926. He read every word about Baird's work that he could lay his hands on, he said, and finally built his set.

Mr. Nichols enjoys TV today as a viewer. He gave it away experimentally soon after his first success because it took up so much time and also took too much money.

Mr. Nichols, now 55, is a photographer at Gympie Bay,

By
NAN MUSCROVE

one of Sydney's outer suburbs. His most prized possession is his great-grandfather's clock, Sydney's original post-office clock.

Isaac Nichols had the clock sent from England in 1803, and when he was appointed Postmaster in 1809, he took the clock from his house to the post office.

The clock stands about two feet high and has never had anything wrong with its mechanism. It keeps wonderful time, Mr. Nichols says, and still strikes.

He has lent the clock to the Postmaster-General's Department for exhibition in April this year, when the post office celebrates its sesquicentenary—150 years of service.

The old clock has done better than the department—so far it's worked for 156 years.

★ ★ ★

AUSTRALIA'S Governor-General, Sir William Slim, emerged as the star of "This Is Canberra," the mighty omnibus telecast recently done by ABC-TV.

Sir William happily disregarded the TV cameras during the telecast shared by all Aus-

tralian channels—the opening of the Federal Parliament—and read the very long address of the Government's legislative plans for the year without a single unbecoming mannerism.

This may not seem a very great feat, but the roving eye of the TV camera picked up any number of the V.I.P.s wriggling in their seats, whispering, hiding yawns, and scratching their noses.

Of the five telecasts that made up "This Is Canberra" I liked the "Yarralumla" one best. Again Sir William stole the show, with his urbanity undented even by a complete break in the link with Sydney that blacked out the telecast for about five minutes.

Having seen and listened to Sir William on TV I doubt that any situation would face him.

One of the souvenirs of the Burma campaign he showed was the badge of the 14th Army. He told interviewer Mungo McCallum that, yes, it was his design; yes, there had been a competition for the best design; and, blandly, yes, he had judged the competition and awarded the first prize to his own entry.

High-ranking soldiers seem to be outstanding TV personalities. I would like to see Sir William on TV batting the breeze about various campaigns with Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, notable for his ABC-TV session "Men in Battle." I think it would be worth watching.

★ ★ ★

TV is changing the pattern of our lives again. The latest, thanks to TV's constant publicity about space rockets blasting off, is that children's play patterns have altered. They no longer count up for games like hide-and-seek; they count down: Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five . . .



For a family this size you do about 2625 dishes every three weeks — and ONE can of Lux Liquid will do the lot!

For making child's play of washing up there's no liquid like Lux Liquid

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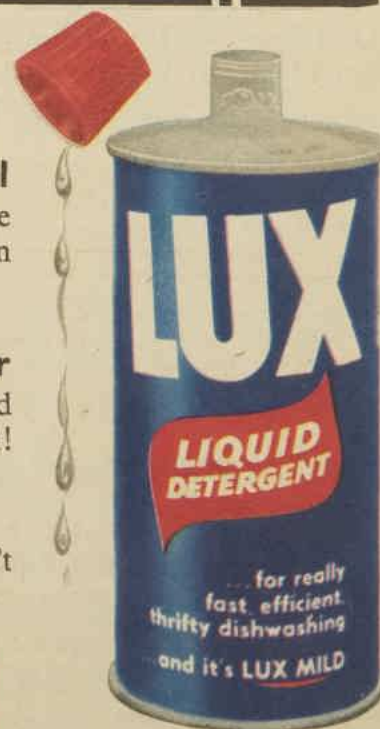


Gets dishes sparkling — treats hands kindly. Saves wiping up, too! Dishes drain dry with never a streak or smear. Pots and pans shine like silver. Yet Lux Liquid Detergent is mild — Lux-mild — on your hands.

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fresh-clean complexion ... but cleansing means more
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Mlle. France shows you the latest wig-style in bronzed feathers by Henriette Lamotte. Head-hugging and so flattering.

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Did you know? Modern make-up is designed to *stay on*. You can't wash it off with water—you can't clean it off with soap.

What do you do? You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream—that's the one *sure* way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind—and everyday dirt, too.

Cleans deeper. Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves pore openings really clean—refreshed. Tubes 2/9, jars 4/11 and 7/11.



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Now! bring youth giving moisture to your skin—



Tubes 2/11, or jars 5/3 and 8/11.

with moisturized lanolin in
POND'S DRY SKIN CREAM

Every day, every year—your skin loses some of its precious oils, and some of the inner moisture of youthful skin.

Even from the age of 19 the first signs show—in tiny lines, crow's feet, flaky patches.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream restores the balance of oils in your skin. It provides rich lubricating lanolin and reviving, young-making moisture.

Tonight, see for yourself how Pond's Dry Skin Cream eases away tense frown lines—relaxes tautness—sinks deep, helps soften and firm your skin.

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New Film Releases

★ A QUESTION OF ADULTERY

B.E.F. drama, with Julie London, Anthony Steel. Victory, Sydney.

THE screen's first attempt to deal with the rather surprising subject of A.I.D. (artificial insemination by donor) has not resulted in a great or gripping human drama.

The best that can be said is that it treats the theme with a frankness discouraging to gigglers.

Steel plays the sterile husband who consents to his wife (Julie London) having a child by A.I.D., and later charges her with adultery.

The ensuing court action works over the tricky legal ground of charge and defence.

An Australian actor turned flamenco dancer, Trader Faulkner, with his Spanish partner provides a brief change of topic from the question involved.

In a word
UNMEMORABLE.

★ AFFAIR IN HAVANA

Allied Artists drama, with John Cassavetes, Raymond Burr, Sara Shane. Palace, Sydney.

SHAKY attempts at artistic symbolism, the presence of Cassavetes, some throbbing Afro-Cuban back-country music, and various photographic adventures all point to a try at something a good deal better.

Everyone has to start somewhere, and this independent production, made in Cuba, must have been very near the beginning of the career of that now most interesting actor Cassavetes.

He is a somewhat "beat" pianist who has an affair with a refreshingly old-fashioned adventuress (Sara Shane), and wants to end it when he finds that her wealthy husband is an invalid.

With a prison-crop haircut, dusted white, Burr lends a certain melodramatic authority to this role.

It's unlikely that we'll be seeing more of the young lady.

In a word
MELODRAMATIC.

★ MARDI GRAS

Fox musical romance, with Pat Boone, Christine Carere, Gary Crosby. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Regent, Sydney.

AFTER a slow start, in which the procedures of the Virginia Military Institute are lovingly detailed, this turns into a fairly pleasant little affair.

Though, disappointingly, the gaiety, sparkle, and atmosphere promised by the title never eventuates.

Boone is a dedicated military cadet who wins the job of going to New Orleans to invite visiting French actress (Christine Carere) to come to

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

his academy's graduation ball.

Instead, he meets a girl (Christine) wearing a Mardi Gras mask, and they fall in love. When studio publicity gets to work on publicising the romance, Boone thinks she has only made use of him, and it takes a while for true love to find its way.

Boone must be the only man alive who can make a blues song sound like the cooing of the dove of peace.

In his film debut Bing's son, Gary, comes over as quite a personality, of the brash, Mickey Rooney type.

Sheree North, highly skilled as ever, plays a publicity girl who draws Gary in the love stakes.

The teaming of the young male stars is quite a success, and their scenes together should highly please youthful filmgoers.

Those with a nose for romance may be interested in seeing dancer Barrie Chase, the girl with whose name Fred Astaire's is still being linked in the American Press.

In a word . . . **BRIGHTISH.**

Movie news

AS soon as she had finished work on "The Mouse that Roared," little Jean Seberg left London to be with her new husband in Paris. They've rented an apartment, and plan to live there until Jean is wanted for another picture. This, incidentally, could hinge on the success or otherwise of "Mouse," for if Jean doesn't click in this it's unlikely that anyone will want to take the risk of casting her again.

PLANS have been changed for singer Johnny Mathis' acting future. He was to have starred in his biography, "The Johnny Mathis Story," but instead will now do the romantic musical "Let's Love."

STATUESQUE former nightclub singer Constance Towers is said to have made an impressive debut in "The Horse Soldiers" with Bill Holden and John Wayne. Now the new and wealthy Mirisch Company has signed her to a one-picture-a-year, seven-year contract.

ANYTHING can happen in the film-making world. Frank Sinatra's role in the Brigitte Bardot film "Paris by Night" is to be rewritten for Danny Kaye.

AFTER all, it won't be Jeff Chandler in "The Battle of the Coral Sea" but Cliff Robertson. Jeff talked Universal out of lending him to Columbia for the starring role.

of what you have all told me, he may offer a statement that one of you can disprove."

"So it'll be our word," Dale said, "against his?"

"With this reservation. That he was in a position to see you all, and none of you, it seems, was able to see him or each other. He can speak about you all, I hope. Each of you can only speak for himself."

Mr. McAngus said, "I don't know why you all want him; he makes me feel uncomfortable and silly."

"Ah, for heaven's sake!" Dale ejaculated. "Can't we get on with it?"

Alleyn, still standing, put his hands on the back of his chair and said, "By all means. This is the position as far as we've gone. I suggest that you consider it."

They were at once silent and uneasily attentive.

"Three of you," Alleyn said, "have given me statements about your movements during the crucial time—the time, a matter of perhaps eight minutes, between the moment when Mrs. Dillington-Blick left this room and the moment when Mr. Cuddy came back with an account of his discovery of the body. During those eight minutes the steward Dennis was strangled, I believe in mistake for Mrs. Dillington-Blick. None of the three statements corroborates either of the other two. We have a picture of three individuals all moving about, out there in the semi-dark, without catching sight of one another."

"For myself, I was the first to go. I met Mrs. Dillington-Blick by the verandah to which she went—I'm sorry to put it like this but there's no time for polite evasions—as a decoy. No doubt she assured herself that Dennis was there and she was about to take cover when I appeared. To get rid of me she asked me to help her down the port side companion-ladder to the lower deck. I did so and then saw her to her cabin and returned here. Mr. Cuddy, in the meantime, had changed, gone below and then to the pool by way of the starboard side on the lower deck. Miss

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

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Abbott, who left after he did, walked round this deck and stood for some minutes on the starboard side. She remembers that she saw somebody in the pool."

"Mr. McAngus says he left by these double doors, stood for a time by the passengers' quarters on the port side, and then went to his cabin and to bed. Nobody appeared to have noticed him."

"Mr. Dale, I imagine, will now admit that his first statement to the effect that he went straight to his cabin was untrue. On the contrary, he was on deck. He hid behind a locker on the starboard side near the verandah corner hoping to overhear some cruelly ludicrous scene of mistaken identity. He afterwards went into the verandah, presumably discovered the body, returned to his cabin and drank himself into the state from which he has at least partially recovered."

DALE began: "I resent the tone—"

"You'll have to lump the tone, I'm afraid. I now want to know what, if anything, you heard from your hiding place and exactly what you did and saw when you went into the verandah. Do you propose to tell me?"

"Captain Bannerman—"

"No good coming at me," said the captain. "You're in a tight spot, Mr. Dale, and truth had better be your master."

Dale snatched the palm of his hand down on the table.

"All right! Turn on me. The whole gang of you and much good may it do you. You badger and threaten and get a man tied up in knots until he doesn't know what he's saying. I'm as anxious as anyone for this rotten murderer to be caught. If I could tell you anything that'd

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

bring him to book I would. All right. I did what you say. I sat behind the locker. I heard Miss Abbott go past. Tramp, tramp. She walks like a man. I couldn't see her, but I knew it was Miss Abbott because she was humming a churchy tune. I've heard her before. And then it was quiet. And then, after a bit, somebody else went by. Going towards the verandah. Tip-toe. Furtive. I heard him turn the corner and I heard somebody—Dennis, I suppose; it was rather high-pitched—make a little sound. And then—"

He wiped his hand across his mouth. "Then there were other sounds. The chair legs scraped. Somebody cried out. Only once and it was cut short. Then there was another sort of bumping and scraping. Then nothing. I don't know for how long. Then the tip-toe footsteps passed again. A bit faster but not running and somebody singing, as Cuddy said, 'Pack Up Your Troubles.' In a head-voice. Falsetto. Only a phrase of it and then nothing."

"In tune?" Alleyn asked.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Was the voice in tune?"

Dale said, "Well, really! Oh, yes. Yes. Perfectly in tune," and gave a half laugh.

"Thank you. Go on. What did you do next?"

"I was going to come out but I heard another voice."

He screwed round in his chair and jerked his head at Cuddy. "You," he said. "It was your voice. Unmistakably. You said, 'All alone?'" He aped a mellifluous, arch inquiry. "I heard you go in. Wet feet on the deck. And then, after a pause, you made a sort of retching noise and you ran out, and I suppose you bolted down the deck."

"I've explained everything," Mr. Cuddy said. "I've told them. I've concealed nothing."

"Very well," Alleyn said. "Keep quiet. And then, Mr. Dale?"

"I waited. Then I thought I'd just go round and ask what had happened. I must have had some sort of idea there was something wrong; I realise that now. It was—it was so deadly quiet."

"Yes?"

"So I did. I went in. I said something, I don't remember what, and there was no answer. So I—I got out my cigarette-lighter and flashed it on—"

"Well?"

"I couldn't see much at first. It seemed funny he didn't say anything. I put the flame nearer and then I saw. It was hell. Like that doll. Broken. And the flowers. The deck was wet and slippery. I thought, 'I've done this; it's my fault. I arranged it and she'll say I did. Let somebody else discover it! Something like that. I'd had one or two drinks over the eight and I suppose that's why I panicked. I ran out and round the deck, past the locker. I heard Cuddy's voice and I saw him by the doors here. I ducked down behind the hatch and heard him tell you. Then I heard you walk past on the other side and I knew that you'd gone to look. I thought, 'It's too late for me to tell them. I'm here. I'll be involved.' So I made for the forward end of the deck."

"Father Jourdain," Alleyn said, "I think you must at that time have been by the entrance to this room looking after Mr. Cuddy, who had fainted. Did you see Mr. Dale?"

"No. But as you say, I was stooping over Mr. Cuddy. I think my back was turned to the hatch."

"Yes," Dale said. "Yes, it was. I watched you. I don't remember much else except—my heavens, yes!"

"What have you remembered?"

Dale had been staring at his hands clasped before him on the table. He now raised his head. Mr. McAngus sat opposite him. They seemed to be

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Robin Starch gives all cottons and linens a really lovely finish with just the right degree of crispness, and Robin keeps clothes looking crisp and clean so much longer. Robin is the easy-to-mix powder starch for hot or cold starching, and ironing is so much easier, too, with Robin.

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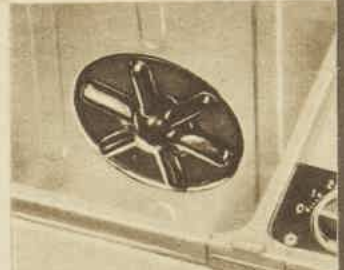
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Page 54

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 11, 1959

moved by some common resentment.

"Go on," Alleyn said.
"It was when I'd gone round the passengers' block to the port side. I wanted a drink damn badly, and I wanted to be by myself. I'd got as far as the entrance into the passage and waited for a bit to make sure nobody was about. Ruby—Mrs. Dillington-Blick—was in her cabin. I could hear her slapping her face. I wondered if I'd tell her and then—then I smelt it."

"Smelt what?"
Dale pointed at Mr. McAngus. "That. One of those filthy things he smokes. It was quite close."

Mr. McAngus said, "I have already stated that I waited for a little on deck before I went to my cabin. I have said so."

"Yes. But where? Where were you? I couldn't see you and yet you must have been quite close. I actually saw the smoke."

"Well, Mr. McAngus?" Alleyn asked.

"I—don't exactly remember where I stood. Why should I?"

He ground out his cigarette. A little malodorous spiral rose from the butt.

Dale said excitedly, "But the deck's open and there was the light from her porthole. Why couldn't I see him!"

"The door giving on the passage opens back on the outside bulkhead," Alleyn said. "Close to Mrs. Dillington-Blick's porthole. Were you standing behind that door, Mr. McAngus?"

"Hiding behind it, more like," Mr. Cuddy eagerly exclaimed.

"Well, Mr. McAngus?"

The long indeterminate face under the dyed hair was unevenly pallid. "I admit nothing," said Mr. McAngus.

"Nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Nothing."

"Do you think he might have been there, Mr. Dale?"

"Yes. Yes, I do. You see, I thought he must be in the passage and I waited and then I thought: 'I've had this!' And I looked and there was nobody there. So I went straight in. My door's just on the left. I had a Scotch neat and I dare-

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

from page 53

say it was a snorter. Then I had another. I was all anyhow. My nerves are shot to pieces. I've had a breakdown. I'm supposed," Dale said in a trembling voice, "to be on a rest cure. This has set me back completely."

"Mr. McAngus, did you hear Mr. Cuddy when he came and told us of his discovery? He was hysterical and made a great noise. Did you hear him?"

Mr. McAngus said, "I heard something. It didn't matter."

"Didn't matter?"

"I knew where she was."

"Mrs. Dillington-Blick?"

"I cannot answer you, sir."

"You have yourself told us that you left this room by the deck doors, walked round the centrecastle block and then waited for some time on the port side. Do you stick to that statement?"

MR. McANGUS, holding to the edge of the table as if for support, did not take his eyes off Alleyn. He had compressed his mouth so ruthlessly that drops of saliva oozed out of the corners. He inclined his head slightly.

"Very well, then—"

"No! No, no!" Mr. McAngus suddenly shouted. "I refuse! What I have done I have done under compulsion. I cannot discuss it. Never!"

"In that case," Alleyn said, "we have reached an impasse. Dr. Makepiece, will you be so kind as to ask Mr. Merryman if he will join us?"

Mr. Merryman could be heard coming down the passage. His sharp voice was raised to its familiar pitch of indignation.

"I should have been informed of this," he was saying, "at once. Immediately. I demand an explanation. Who did you say the man is?"

An indistinguishable murmur from Tim.

"Indeed? Indeed! Then he has no doubt enjoyed the salutary experience popularly assigned to eavesdroppers. This

is an opportunity," the voice continued as its owner drew nearer, "that I have long wished for. If I had been consulted at the outset, the typical, the all-too-familiar pattern of official ineptitude might have—nay, would have been anticipated. But, of course, that was too much to hope for. I—"

The door was opened by Tim, who came in, pulled an eloquent grimace at Alleyn and stood aside.

Mr. Merryman made a not ineffective entrance. He was girded into his dressing-gown. His cockcomb was erect and his eyes glittered with the light of battle. He surveyed the party with a Napoleonic eye.

Captain Bannerman half rose and said, "Come in, Mr. Merryman. Hope you're feeling well enough to join us. Take a chair." He indicated the only vacant chair, which faced the glass doors leading to the deck. He was glaring at Alleyn. "I daresay," the captain went on, "that it's in order, under the circumstances, for me to make an introduction. This gentleman is in charge of the meeting. Superintendent A'leen."

"The name," Mr. Merryman said at once, "is Alleyn. Alleyn, my good sir. Al-lane is permissible. A'leen, never. It is, presumably, too much to expect that you should have so much as heard of the founder of Dulwich College, an Elizabethan actor who was unsurpassed in his day, Edward Alleyn. Or, less acceptably in my poor opinion, Al-lane. Good evening, sir," Mr. Merryman concluded, nodding angrily at Alleyn.

"Over to you," the captain muttered woodenly, "Mr. Allan."

"No!" Mr. Merryman objected on a rising inflexion.

"It's of no consequence," Alleyn hastily intervened. "Will you sit down, Mr. Merryman?"

"Why not?" Mr. Merryman said and did so.

"I believe," Alleyn went on,

"that Dr. Makepiece has told you what has happened."

"I have been informed in the baldest manner conceivable that a felony has been committed. I assume that I am about to be introduced to the insupportable longueurs of a police investigation."

"I'm afraid so," Alleyn said cheerfully.

"Then perhaps you will be good enough to advise me of the nature of the crime and the circumstances under which it was committed and discovered. Unless, of course," Mr. Merryman added, throwing back his head and glaring at Alleyn from under his spectacles, "you regard me as a suspect, in which case you will no doubt attempt some elephantine piece of finesse. Do you, in fact, regard me as a suspect?"

"Yes," Alleyn said coolly. "Together with sundry others. I do. Why not?"

"Upon my word!" he said after a pause. "It does not astonish me. And pray what am I supposed to have done? And to whom? And where? Enlighten me, I beg you."

"You are supposed at this juncture to answer questions, and not to ask them. You will be good enough not to be troublesome, Mr. Merryman. No," Alleyn said as Mr. Merryman opened his mouth, "I really can't do with any more tantrums. This case is in the hands of the police. I am a policeman. Whatever you may think of the procedure, you've no choice but to put up with it. And we'll all get along a great deal faster if you can contrive to do so gracefully. Behave yourself, Mr. Merryman."

Mr. Merryman put on an expression of mild astonishment. He appeared to take thought. He folded his arms, flung himself back in his chair, and stared at the ceiling. "Very well," he said. "Let us plumb the depths. Continue."

Alleyn did so. Without giving any indication whatever of

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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the nature of locale of the crime, an omission which at once appeared to throw Mr. Merryman into an extremity of annoyance, he merely asked for an account in detail of anything Mr. Merryman might have seen from his vantage point in the deck-chair, facing the hatch.

"May I ask," Mr. Merryman said, still looking superciliously at the ceiling, "why you adopt this insufferable attitude? Why you elect to withhold the nature of your little problem? Do I detect a note of professional jealousy?"

"Let me assume that you do," said Alleyn with perfect good nature.

"Ah! You are afraid—"

"I am afraid that if you were told what has happened you would try to run the show, and I don't choose to let you. What did you see from your deck-chair, Mr. Merryman?"

A faint, an ineffably complaisant smile played about Mr. Merryman's lips. He closed his eyes.

"What did I see?" he ruminated, and as if they had joined the tips of their fingers and thumbs round the table, his listeners were involved in a current of heightened tension. Alleyn saw Aubyn Dale wet his lips. Cuddy yawned nervously and McAngus again hid his hands in his armpits. Captain Bannerman was glassy-eyed. Father Jourdain's head was inclined as if to hear a confession. Only Tim Makepiece kept his eyes on Alleyn rather than on Mr. Merryman.

"What did I see?" Mr. Merryman repeated. He hummed a meditative air and looked slyly round the table and said loudly, "Nothing. Nothing at all."

"Nothing?"

"For a very good reason. I was sound asleep."

He broke into a triumphant cackle of laughter. Alleyn nodded to Tim, who again went out.

McAngus, rather shockingly, joined in Mr. Merryman's laughter. "The key witness!" he choked out, hugging himself.

"The one who was to prove us all right or wrong. Fast asleep! What a farce!"

"It doesn't affect you," Dale pointed out. "He wouldn't have seen you, anyway. You've still got to account for yourself."

"That's right. That's dead right," Mr. Cuddy cried out.

"Mr. Merryman," Alleyn said, "when did you wake up and go to your room?"

"I have no idea."

"Which way did you go?"

"The direct way. To the entrance on the starboard side."

"Who was in the lounge at that time?"

"I didn't look."

"Did you meet anyone?"

"No."

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

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"May I just remind you of your position out there?"

Alleyn went to the double doors. He jerked the spring blinds and they flew up with a sharp rattle.

The lights were out on deck. In the glass doors only the reflection of the room and of the occupants appeared—faint, hollow-eyed, and cadaverous as phantoms, their own faces stared back at them.

From a region of darkness there emerged, through these images, another. It moved towards the doors, gaining substance. Mrs. Dillington-Blick

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was outside. Her hands were pressed against the glass. She looked in.

Mr. Merryman screamed like a ferret in a trap.

His chair overturned. He was round the table before anyone could stop him. His hands scrambled at the glass pane.

"No. No! Go away. Go away! Don't speak. If you speak I'll do it again. I'll kill you if you speak."

Alleyn held him. It was quite clear to everybody that Mr. Merryman's hands, starving against the glass like fish in an aquarium, were ravenous for Mrs. Dillington-Blick's throat.

Cape Infanta steamed into Table Bay at dawn and hovered awaiting the arrival of her pilot cutter and police launch from Capetown. Like all ships coming into port she had begun to withdraw into herself, conserving her personality against the assaults that would be made upon it. She had been prepared. Her derricks were uncovered, her decks broken by orderly litter. Her servants, at their appointed stations, were ready to support her.

Alleyn looked across neatly scalloped waters at the butt-end of a continent and thought how unlikely it was that he

would ever take such another voyage. At Captain Bannerman's invitation, he was on the bridge. Down on the dismantled boat-deck eight of the nine passengers were already assembled. They wore their shore-going clothes because Cape Infanta was to be at anchor for two days. Their deck-chairs had been stowed away, the hatch was uncovered, and there was nowhere for them to sit. Seagulls, always a little too true to type, squawked and dived, squabbled and swooped about the bilgewater of which Cape Infanta blandly relieved herself.

Two black accents appeared distinctly on the surface of the Bay.

"There we are," Captain Bannerman said, handing Alleyn his binoculars.

Alleyn said, "If you don't mind I'm going to ask for the passengers to be sent to their sitting-room."

"Do you expect any trouble?"

"None."

"He won't—" Captain Bannerman began and hesitated. "You don't reckon he'll cut up rough?"

"He is longing," Alleyn said, "to be taken away."

"Monster," the captain muttered uneasily. He took a turn round the bridge, and came back to Alleyn.

"There's something I ought to say to you," he said. "It doesn't come easy and for that reason, I suppose, I haven't managed to get it out. But it's got to be said. I'm responsible for that boy's death. I know it. I should have let you act like you wanted."

"I might just as easily have been wrong."

"Ah! But you weren't, and there's the trouble." The captain fixed his gaze on the approaching black accents. "Whisky," he said, "affects different men in different ways. Some it makes affable, some it makes glum. Me, it makes pigheaded. When I'm on the whisky I can't stomach any man's notions but my own. How do you reckon we'd better handle this job?"

"Could we get it over before the pilot comes on board? My colleague from the Yard has flown here and will be with the Cape police. They'll take charge for the time being."

"I'll have a signal sent."

"Thank you, sir," Alleyn said and went below.

A seaman was on guard outside the little hospital. When

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OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER



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he saw Alleyn he unlocked the door and Alleyn went in.

Sitting on the unmade-up bed with its sharp mattress and smartly folded blankets, Mr. Merryman had adopted an attitude quite unlike the one to which his fellow passengers had become accustomed. His spine curved forward and his head depended from it as if his whole structure had wilted. Only the hands, firmly padded and sinewed, clasped between the knees, retained their eloquence. When Alleyn came in, Mr. Merryman looked up at him over the tops of his spectacles but said nothing.

"The police launch," Alleyn said, "is sighted. I've come to tell you that I have packed your cases and will have the things you need sent with you. I shall not be coming in the launch, but will see you later today. You will be given every opportunity to take legal advice in Capetown or to cable instructions to your solicitors. You will return to England as soon as transport is available, probably by air. If you have changed your mind and wish to make a statement—"

Alleyn stopped. The lips had moved. After a moment the voice, remotely tinged with arrogance, said, "... not in the habit of rescinding decisions—tedium of repetition. No."

"Very well."

He turned to go and was arrested by the voice.

"—a few observations. Now. No witnesses and without prejudice. Now."

Alleyn said, "I must warn you, the absence of witnesses doesn't mean that what you may tell me will not be given in evidence. It may be given in evidence. You understand that," he added, as Mr. Merryman raised his head and stared blankly at him, "don't you?" He took out his notebook and opened it. "You see, I shall write down anything that you say."

Mr. Merryman said with a vigor that a moment ago would have seemed impossible, "Esmeralda. Ruby. Beryl. Bijou. Coralie. Marguerite."

He was still feverishly repeating these names when Inspector Fox from the Yard, with members of the Capetown police force, came to take him off.

For a little while Alleyn watched the police launch dip and buck across the bay. Soon the group of figures aboard her lost definition and she herself became no more than a receding dot. The pilot cutter was already alongside. He turned away and for the last time opened the familiar doors into the sitting-room.

They were all there, looking strange in their shore-going clothes.

Alleyn said, "In about ten minutes we shall be alongside. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you all to come to the nearest police station to make your depositions. Later on you will no doubt be summoned to give evidence, and if that means an earlier return arrangements will be made for transport. I'm sorry but that's how it is. In the meantime I feel that I owe you an explanation and perhaps something of an apology." He paused for a moment.

Brigid said, "It seems to me the boot's on the other foot."

"And to me," said Tim. "I'm not so sure." Mrs. Cuddy remarked, "We've been treated in a very peculiar manner."

Alleyn said, "When I boarded this ship at Portsmouth I did so on the strength of as slight a piece of information as ever lent an investigating officer to sea. It consisted of the fragment of an embarkation notice for this ship and it was clutched in the hand of the girl who was killed on the wharf the night you sailed. It was at least arguable that this paper had been blown ashore

Continuing . . . Singing in the Shrouds

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or dropped or had come by some irrelevant means into the girl's hand. I didn't think so, your statements didn't suggest it, but it was quite possible.

"My superior officers ordered me to conceal my identity, to make what inquiries I could, entirely under cover, to take no action that did not meet with the captain's approval, and to prevent any further catastrophe. This last, of course, I have failed to do. If you consider them, these conditions may help to explain the events that followed. If the Flower Murderer was aboard the obvious procedure was to discover which of you had an acceptable alibi for any of the times when these crimes were committed. I took the occasion of the fifteenth of January when Beryl Cohen was murdered. With Captain Bannerman's assistance I staged the alibi conversation."

MISS ABBOTT exclaimed: "Good heavens!" and then turned dark red and added, "Go on. Sorry."

"The results were sent by radio to London and my colleagues there were able to confirm the alibis of Father Jourdain and Dr. Makepiece. Mr. Cuddy's and Mr. McAngus were unconfirmed, but in the course of the conversation it transpired that Mr. McAngus had been operated upon for a perforated appendix on the nineteenth of January, which made him incapable of committing the crime of the twenty-fifth when Marguerite Slatters was murdered. If, of course, he was speaking the truth, Mr. Cuddy, unless he was foxing, appeared to be unable to sing in tune, and one of the few things we did know about our man was his ability to sing."

Mrs. Cuddy, who was holding her husband's hand, said, "Well, really, Mr. Cuddy would be the last to pretend he was a performer! Wouldn't you, dear?"

"That's right, dear."

"Mr. Dale," Alleyn went on, "had no alibi for the fifteenth, but it turned out that on the twenty-fifth he was in New York. That disposed of him as a suspect."

"Then why the devil," Dale demanded, "couldn't you tell me what was up?"

"I'm afraid it was because I formed the opinion that you were not to be relied upon. You're a heavy drinker and you have been suffering from nervous strain. It would, I felt, be unsafe to trust to your discretion."

"I must say!" Dale began angrily, but Alleyn went on.

"It has never been supposed that a woman was responsible for these crimes, but"—he smiled at Miss Abbott—"one of the ladies, at least, had an alibi. She was in Paris on the twenty-fifth, at the same conference, incidentally, as Father Jourdain, who was thus doubly cleared. Until I could hear that the remaining alibis were proved I couldn't take any of the passengers except Father Jourdain and Dr. Makepiece into my confidence. I should like to say now that they have given me every possible help and I'm grateful as can be to both of them."

Father Jourdain, who was very pale and withdrawn, raised his hand and let it fall again. Tim said they both felt they had failed at the crucial time. "We were sceptical," he said, "about Mr. Alleyn's interpretation of Biddy's glimpse of the

figure in the Spanish dress. We thought it must have been Mrs. Dillington-Blick. We thought that with all the women accounted for there was nothing to worry about."

"I saw it," Brigid said, "and I told Mr. Alleyn I was sure it was Mrs. Dillington-Blick. That was my blunder."

"I even heard the singing," Father Jourdain said. "How could I have been so tragically stupid!"

"I gave Dennis the dress and pretended I didn't," Mrs. Dillington-Blick lamented.

Aubyn Dale looked with something like horror at Mr. Cuddy. "And you and I, Cuddy," he pointed out, "listened to a murder and did nothing about it."

Mr. Cuddy, for once, was not smiling. He turned to his wife and said, "Eth, I'm sorry. I'm cured, Eth. It won't occur again."

Everybody tried to look as if they didn't know what he was talking about, especially Mrs. Dillington-Blick.

"O.K., dear," said Mrs. Cuddy, and actually smiled.

Mr. McAngus leaned forward and said very earnestly, "I can, of course, see that I have not behaved at all helpfully. Indeed, now I come to think of it, I almost ask myself if I haven't been suffering from some complaint." He looked wistfully at Mrs. Dillington-Blick. "A touch of the sun, perhaps," he murmured and made a little bob at her. "It is," he added after a moment's added reflection, "very fussy to consider how one's actions go on and on having the most distressing results. For instance, when I ventured to buy the doll I never intended—"

A steamer hooted and there, outside, was a funnel sliding past and beyond it a confusion of shipping and the wharves themselves.

"I never intended," Mr. McAngus repeated, but he had lost the attention of his audience and did not complete his sentence.

Miss Abbott said in her harsh way, "It's no good any of us bemoaning our intentions. I dare say we've all behaved stupidly one way or another. I know I have. I started this trip in a stupid temper. I've made stupid scenes. If it's done nothing else it's shown me what a fool I was. Control!" announced Miss Abbott. "And commonsense! Complete lack of both leads to murder, it seems."

"And of charity," Father Jourdain added rather wearily.

"That's right. And of charity," Miss Abbott agreed snappishly. "And of proportion and I dare say of a hundred other things we'd be the better for observing."

"How right you are!" Brigid said so sombrely that Tim felt obliged to put his arm round her.

Alleyn moved over to the glass doors and looked out. "We're alongside," he said. "I don't think there's anything more to say. I hope, when you go ashore, you still manage to find some sort of—what? compensation?—for all that has happened."

Mrs. Dillington-Blick approached him. She offered him her hand, and when he took it leaned towards him and muttered, "I've had a blow to my vanity."

"Surely not." "Were all your pretty ways purely professional?"

Alleyn suppressed a mad desire to reply, "As surely as yours were not," and merely

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said, "Alas, I have no pretty ways. You're much too kind." He shook her hand crisply and released it to find that Brigid and Tim were waiting for him. Brigid said, "I just wanted to tell you that I've discovered you haven't got it all your own way."

"What does that mean?" "You're not the only one to find the real thing on a sea voyage."

"Really?" "Really? Dead sure."

"I'm so glad," Alleyn said and shook hands with them.

After that the Cuddys and Mr. McAngus came and made their odd little valedictions. Mr. Cuddy said that he supposed it took all sorts to make a world and Mrs. Cuddy said she'd always known there was something. Mr. McAngus, scarlet and inexcusably confused, made several false starts. He then advanced his long anxious face to within a few inches of Alleyn's and said in a rapid undertone, "You were perfectly right, of course. But I didn't look in. No, No! I just stood with my back to the wall behind the door. It was something to be near her. Misleading, of course. That I do see. Good-bye."

Aubyn Dale let Mr. McAngus drift away and then pulled in his waist and with his frankest air came up to Alleyn and extended his hand.

"No hard thoughts, I hope, old boy?"

"Never a one."

"Good man. Jolly good."

He shook Alleyn's hand with manly emphasis. "All the same," he said, "dumb though it may be of me, I still cannot see why, at the end, you couldn't warn us. Before you fetched him in."

"A, because you were all lying like flatfish. As long as you thought he was the innocent observer who could prove you lied, I had a chance of forcing the truth from you. And B, because one or more of you would undoubtedly have given the show away if you'd known he was guilty. He's extremely observant."

Dale said, "Well, I never pretended to be a diplomatic type," and made it sound noble. Then, unexpectedly, he reddened. "You're right about the drinks," he said. "I'm a fool. I'm going to lay off. If I can. See you later." He went out. Miss Abbott marched up to Alleyn.

She said, "I suppose what I'd like to say couldn't be of less importance. However, you'll just have to put up with it. Did you guess what was wrong with me the night of the alibi conversation?"

"I fancied I did," he said. "So I supposed. Well, if it's any consolation, I'm cured. It's a mistake for a lonely woman to form an engrossing friendship. One should have the courage of one's loneliness. This ghastly business has at least taught me that."

"Then," Alleyn said gently, "you may give thanks, mayn't you? In a Gregorian chant?"

"Well, good-bye," she said, and she, too, went out.

The others having all gone, Father Jourdain and Tim, who had both waited at the far end of the room, came up to Alleyn.

Father Jourdain said, "Alleyn, may I go to him? Will you let me see him?"

Alleyn said that of course he would, but added, as gently as he could, that he didn't think Mr. Merryman would respond graciously to the visit.

"No, no. But I must go. He received Mass from me in a state of deadly sin. I must go."

"He was struggling with—," Alleyn hesitated. "With his devil. He thought it might help."

"I must tell him. He must be brought to a realisation," Father Jourdain said. He went

Continuing Singing in the Shrouds

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out on deck and stared, without seeing it, at Table Mountain. Alleyn saw his hand go to his breast.

Tim said, "Am I wanted?"

"I'm afraid you are. He's talked to me. It's pretty obvious that the defence will call psychiatric opinions, and yours may be crucial. I'll tell you what he has said and then ask you to see him. If you can get him to speak, it may go some way in his favor."

"You talk," Tim said, "as if you weren't a policeman."

"So the priest and the psychiatrist are to do what they can," Alleyn wrote to his wife. "Makepiece, of course, says he would need weeks to arrive at a full report. He's professionally all steamed up over Merryman's readiness to describe an incident that no doubt will be advanced as the key to his obsession and is a sort of text-

"It's as if the fact of his arrest had blown the stopper off a lifelong reticence, and as if, having once spoken, he can't stop, but with extraordinary vehemence is obliged to go through with it again and again. But he won't carry his history an inch further and refuses to speak if any attempt is made to discuss the cases in hand. Makepiece thinks his mistaking Dennis for the woman has had a profound effect."

"There's no doubt that for years he has fought a lonely, frantic battle with his obsession, and to some extent may have beaten it off by segregating himself in a boys' school. Perhaps by substituting the lesser crime for the greater. He may have bought and destroyed necklaces and flowers, for all one knows. But when his climacteric was reached and

a woman was better than any that didn't. 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Othello' were the best because of the way in which the heroines are killed. He resented any suggestion that 'sex monsters' might be unpleasant to look at. He carried bits of paper and sodamints in his waistcoat pocket. He spilt coffee all over himself when I uncovered the doll, and blamed Miss Abbott for it. He had been to a choir school and could therefore sing. He is an expert in make-up, and no doubt bearded himself for the encounters. The beard, of course, went overboard after the event."

"But it was one thing to realise all this and another to sheet it home. When I saw him, as sound asleep as if he'd expiated a deadly crime instead of committing one, I realised there was only one chance of getting him. He had no doubt decided on the line he would take after the body had been found; I had to give him the kind of shock that would jerk him off it. I fixed it up with Makepiece. When the right moment presented itself, we would confront Merryman with Mrs. Dillington-Blick. He knew he'd made his kill and, of course, believed her to be the victim. He was relaxed, eased of his fever, and immensely enjoying his act. She loomed up on the other side of the window and—it worked."

"The fact of the D-B being in her own style a 'femme fatale' muddled the issues, since she quite deliberately went gunning for any male in sight and thus stirred up Cuddy and McAngus to the dizzy heights of middle-aged fatuity. Dale, of course, had merely settled down to a routine shipboard affair. She's a pretty consistent job of work. I must say, and I don't mind betting that when she's got over her vapors she'll take the whole thing as a sort of back-handed tribute."

"For my part, having from the outset been hamstrung by captain's orders, I hope never to be given such a job again. I can even allow myself one brief moan, which is this: Why did the D-B have to dress up in a queer steward and put him in the verandah? And, conversely, why couldn't she tell me about it? It could have been turned without harm to advantage. Well, there it is; by his death he brought about a denouement grotesquely out-of-drawing to anything in his life."

"Well, my darling, an air-mail goes out at noon and will bring you this great wad of a letter. I'm staying in the ship until she sails and will return with the official party. In the meantime—"

He finished his letter and went out on to the bridge.

Cape Infanta was discharging cargo. At midnight, after having got rid of a bulldozer, four cars, three tons of unleached calico, and a murderer, she would continue her voyage to Durban.

He supposed he was unlikely ever to travel in her again.

(Copyright)

David Beaty's latest novel is our new serial

OUR new serial beginning in next week's issue is "CONE OF SILENCE," the latest novel by David Beaty, famous for his novels of civil aviation. Readers will remember "The Proving Flight," which we published. "Cone Of Silence" is a story of tremendous tension, the story of the battle of a man to prove himself right, though every other opinion is contrary to his. When Captain George Gort, veteran pilot but a newcomer to jet planes, fails in a take-off during a flight, "pilot's error" is the verdict passed against him. No one can be convinced that the machine has imperfections. Only Gort's blond daughter, Charlotte, goes on believing in his pilot's skill, even though he more than proves it during a violent storm, when a lesser pilot could have lost the plane.

This latest novel by David Beaty is his best, so don't miss the first long instalment in next week's issue.

book shining example of the Oedipus complex and the whole blasted job. Do you remember there was one curious link in all these wretched crimes? It was the women's names. All jewels. Marguerite, of course, mens peas, and the doll's name, Esmeralda, emerald. The necklaces were always twisted and broken. And, of course, there were the flowers. This is his story. When he was just seven years old, his mother, a stupid woman whom he adored, had a birthday. It was in the early spring and he spent the contents of his money-box on a handful of hyacinths. He gave them to her, but at the same time his father brought her a necklace. He fastened it round her neck with a display of uxoriousness which Merryman describes through his teeth. In raising her hands to him she dropped the hyacinths and in the subsequent embrace trod on them. Makepiece says the pattern, from his point of view, is perfect—jewels, flowers, neck, amorosness, and fury. The boy flew into a blind rage and went for her like a demon, twisted and broke the necklace, and was dragged away and given a hiding by his father. The incident was followed at ten-day intervals by a series of something he calls fainting fits. Makepiece suspects petit mal. Here Merryman's story ends.

he retired from his school, the thing may have suddenly become malignant. I believe he took this voyage in an attempt to escape from it and might have done so if he hadn't encountered on the wharf a girl with flowers, and those the most dangerous for him. The fact that her name was Coralie finished it. As for the earlier cases, I imagine that when his ten-day devil arose, he put on his false beard, went out on the hunt, buying flowers for the purpose, and picked up women with whom he got into conversation. He probably discarded many who didn't fit in with the pattern.

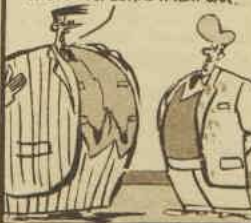
"He exhibits, to a marked degree, the murderer's vanity. I doubt if he has made one statement that was untrue throughout the voyage. He was eager to discuss the cases and others of their kind. Makepiece says he's a schizophrenic; I'm never absolutely certain what that means, but no doubt it will be advanced at the trial, and I hope it succeeds."

"Of course, almost from the beginning, I thought he was my man, if my man was aboard. If the others' alibis stood up, he was the only one left. But there were signs. His preferences for literature, for instance. Any Elizabethan play that concerned the murder of

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

JOE'S BEEN GETTING ON EVERYBODY'S NERVES ABOUT BUYING A NEW CAR!

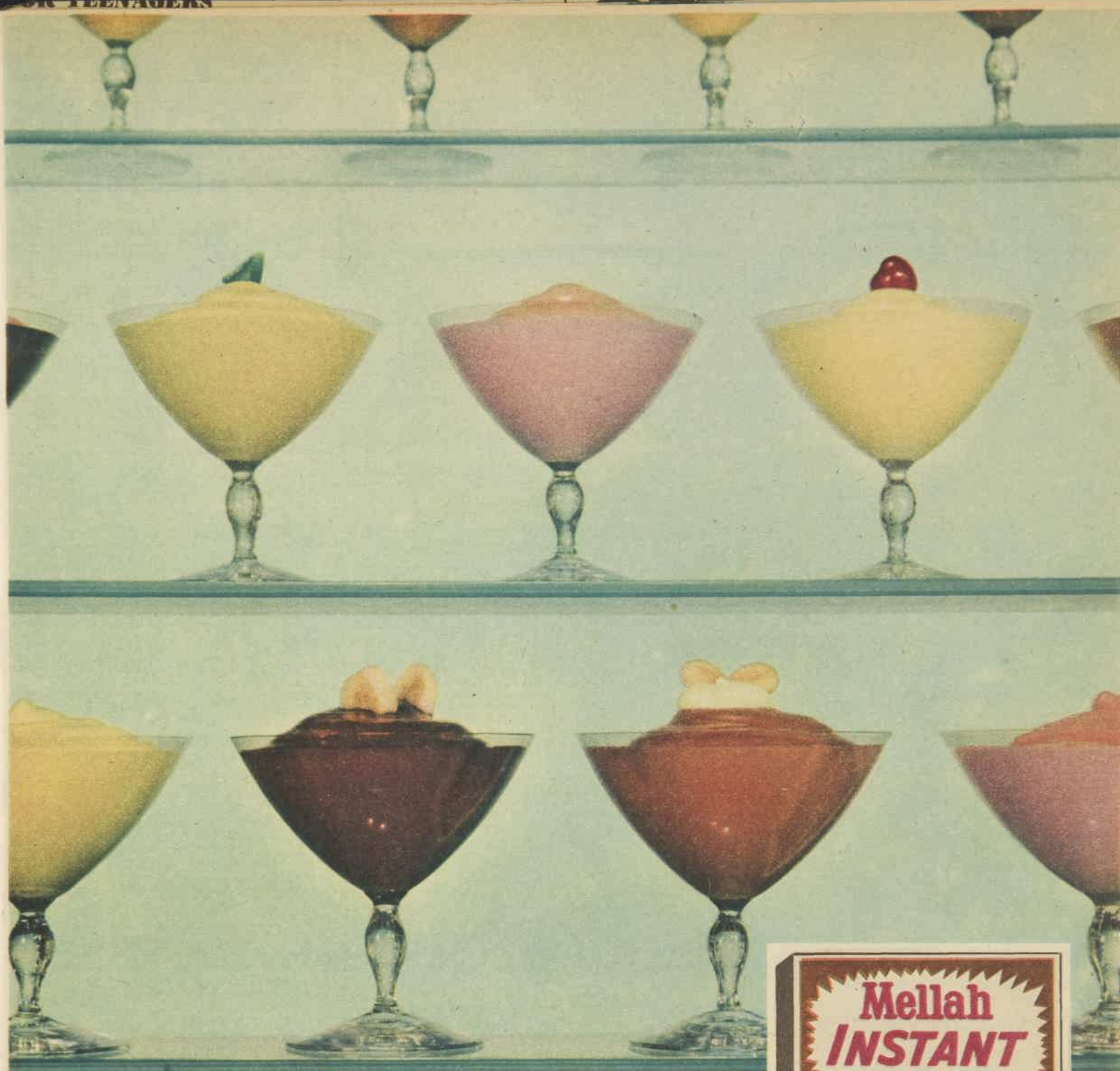


GO ON, WHAT MODEL IS HE GETTING?



I DON'T KNOW, IT HASN'T GONE ON THE PRODUCTION LINE YET!





FLAVOUR SENSATION!

New **Mellah** *Instant Dessert*

**NO COOKING
HOME-MADE IN A MINUTE
JUST ADD MILK**

No wonder Betty King, *Home Economist of World Brands*, says: "Delicious, indeed! And easier than any dessert you've ever served! Just add the contents of the packet to milk — mix for one minute, and allow to set. That's

all. No cooking, no saucepans to wash, no chance of failure. And all five flavours are delightful on their own, or team wonderfully with fruit, nuts, or cream! Mellah Instant Dessert costs only pennies a serve!"

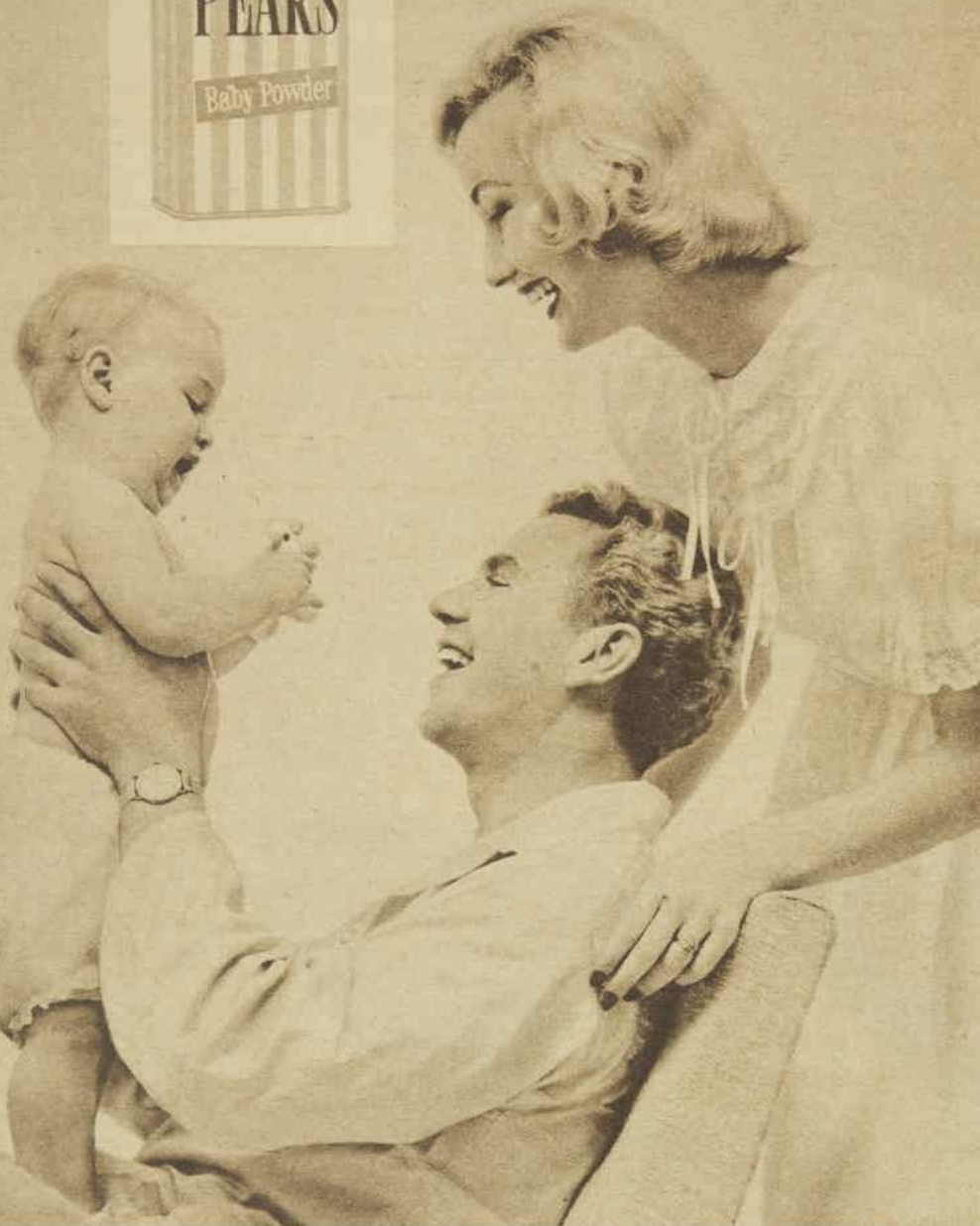
CHOOSE FROM THESE DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

**BANANA RASPBERRY VANILLA
CHOCOLATE CARAMEL**

MD.65.WWPC

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1959

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Pure pleasure for all the family...

New! PEARS BABY POWDER

a miracle of
softness
and purity

MODERN MOISTURE-PROOF PACK
Available in Regular and Family sizes

Baby's happy, everyone's happy with this lovely new skin care from Pears. Wonderful new Pears Baby Powder has a touch that's cooler, more gently soothing than anything you've known before.

Perfect purity... just as you'd expect from a powder by Pears. It's the name the whole world trusts for purity and baby-mildness.

Spring-morning freshness all day long. Pears Baby Powder has the light, cool fragrance everyone loves. Refreshes you. Lifts your spirits. Has you saying: "Let's make Pears a family affair!"

AS I READ the STARS

For week beginning March 9

By EVE HILLIARD



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in independence.

★ Don't expect favors unless you are prepared to return them. Don't look for special concessions; there will be drawbacks connected with them. Stand on your own feet; pay your own way. If in love, try to carry your share in an occasional invitation home to tea; the man in your life may be trying to save some money for the future.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, rose.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in games, pastimes.

★ Even if you live in the heart of a city, make an effort to leave and play some game regularly. This will keep you fit, give you pleasure, lead to contacts with others your own age. If that is difficult at present, do exercises regularly. Watch your weight. Your sign is fond of comfort, can easily develop the habit of lounging, overeating.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, violet.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in prestige.

★ It's not enough to be attractive. If you hope to make a hit in any company you must acquire the reputation of being capable and efficient. Unusual opportunities are present, but you'll have to deliver the goods. Don't seem a small task; it is sure to lead to something bigger. If in love, the one-and-only wants to be proud of you.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
★ Luck in a long-term plan.

★ Many of you are drifting with the tide, content with the same old round. Give yourself a target to aim at. Make it a reasonable goal you can manage, allot a certain amount of time to it each day. The homemaker especially needs a special interest to brighten her day. If young, in love, engaged, plan the future step by step.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in stopping money leaks.

★ Are you one of those who look in your purse and wonder where the contents have flown? Try working in a system, choose an article you desire, regularly put away a small sum towards it. Family, friends, the man in your life will be admiring beholders of the new, practical you. Lending or borrowing are likely to lead to losses you cannot afford.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in co-operation.

★ Harmonious relations with others are essential to success this week; you'll catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. A tussle with a member of the family will settle nothing. Employ tact, patience, indirect methods to win people over. If a parent of teenagers, don't lay down the law. Handle your beloved with kid gloves; avoid bossiness.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in community work.

★ If you're a voluntary worker, here's your chance to lend a hand. Whether you are helping to raise funds or visiting the sick, elderly or less fortunate, you earn thanks for your efforts. Should you wear a uniform in your employment you may perform an extraordinary service in an emergency. Love affairs remain serene but static.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in speculation.

★ Your sign is conservative, methodical, little given to taking chances, but should you feel desirous of risking a reasonable amount returns could be spectacular. This does not necessarily mean you hold a winning ticket. You might enter into a business agreement, launch a small money-making enterprise. Remember love, too, is a lottery.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, any pastel.
★ Gambling colors, trevellers.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in your own four walls.

★ It may be just a room, but it's yours. Within it you can be yourself; you are no longer on parade at the office or shop or in front of the family. Relax, potter around, set your treasures in order, put on your most comfortable clothes, read a book or magazine, nibble a candy nut. This is a miracle cure for tired nerves, weary feet.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, orange.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Fri.
★ Luck in the printed word.

★ Study to increase your skill in new fields as well as to improve your performance in old ones. Spend some time reading to discover better methods in connection with your job. If your love affair appears to be going on the rocks, try to find where you yourself could be at fault. A few sturdy Capricornians embark on a course of study.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a crowded place.

★ If you're chasing a job, the stars are with you. In an interview you make an excellent impression, provided you do not talk too much. Modest opportunity should not be scorned, particularly if it takes you among people. Your sign is happier when surrounded by busy people. Romance is likely with someone you meet in a business capacity.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in any new venture.

★ This is the time of beginnings. That plan, shelved for various reasons, should be brought off the shelf and dusted. Do you have an ambition to sing, dance, play an instrument, paint a picture? If you really want to do it you can. The stars are on your side if you make an effort and back it up with conscientious practice.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

PP3.WW144R

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 11, 1959

F5092.—Smart easy-waisted one-piece. The pattern includes short and wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires long-sleeved design 2½yds. 54in. material, short-sleeved design 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4000, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4945.—Glamorous lace-trimmed wedding-gown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material, 1½yds. 36in. lace, 4½yds. 54in. net and 3yds. lace edging. Price 7/6.

F4954.—Child's easy-to-make beret. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires ½yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F5155.—Small girl's middy-type jacket and all-round box-pleated skirt. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires jacket 1½ to 1½yds. 54in. material, skirt 1½ to 1½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.
F3698

F4954

F4945

F5155

F5125

F4984

F4984.—New look child's coat. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2 to 3yds. 54in. material. Price 3/-.
F5125.—Slender-line dress and matching short-cut jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 906.—AFTERNOON DRESS.
Pretty afternoon dress with soft bodice fullness is obtainable cut out ready to make in a floral-printed cotton cambric. The color choice includes pale blue, pink, and grey; green, rose, and grey; coffee, turquoise, and grey; and pink, pale green, and grey. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

No. 907.—CHRYSANTHEMUM SUPPER CLOTH.
The cloth and matching serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Cloth 36 x 36in., price 16/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Serviettes, 11 x 11in., price 1/9 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 908.—GIRL'S TENNIS DRESS.
Sleeveless one-piece tennis dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron white poplin or white pique. Sizes: 8 years, 19/3; 10 years, 21/-; 12 years, 22/6; and 14 years, 24/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 909.—EMPIRE-LINE TENNIS DRESS.
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron white poplin or white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 36/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/3. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3698.—Beginners' pattern for easy-to-make men's shorts. Sizes 32 to 40in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

Velnit

underwear
comfort for
every body!



- ★ Easy to wear, easy to wash, never needs ironing, won't shrink.
- ★ Warm yet light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.
- ★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting which gives elasticity.
- ★ A large variety of styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Always look
for the name

MORLEY

M89



AVAILABLE AT
GOOD STORES
THROUGHOUT
AUSTRALIA



2/59

The Tongue Test

proves that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth



Try the tongue test now!

Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that clinging coating? It discolours your teeth—and it harbours germs. Brush with Macleans and try the tongue test again. The coating's gone—gone completely. Your teeth are safer from decay.

Macleans lifts clinging coating clean off—even between teeth where the brush can't reach—keeps teeth whiter, SAFER FROM DECAY



In between your teeth is where you benefit specially from using Macleans. Unlike ordinary tooth pastes, Macleans removes the coating there too, where the brush can't reach.

DENTISTS TELL you that the first thing to do to keep your teeth healthy is to keep them clean. This is because a coating forms on your teeth, day and night. A coating that not only makes your teeth dingy, but harbours decay germs.

Of course with ordinary toothpastes you can scrub most of this coating off—where the brush

can reach. But Macleans works in a different way. Its special ingredients lift the harmful coating clean off the teeth; clean them whiter than ever before.

If your teeth are white and clean they are free from coating. So they must be safer from decay. Make the tongue test yourself and prove that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.

Did you Maclean your teeth today?

for lasting brightness

BRASSO

For all brass and copper

JACKY'S DIARY

BY JACKY MENDELSON AGE 31 1/2

LAST SAT A DAY I TOOK MOMMY + DADDY TO THE CARNIVAL



I ATE A FAIRY FLOSS WHICH IS LIKE A SPIDER WEB ALL RAPPED UP ONLY ITS SWEETER. ALSO THE HANDLE IS MADE OUT OF PAPER WHICH YOU MUSTNT EAT.



THEY HAD A REAL SKINNY MAN THERE WHO WAS JUST LIKE A SKELETON ONLY NOT SO SCAREY AS HE HAD HIS SKIN ON. MOMMY SAID THATS WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU DONT EAT ALL YOUR VEGETABLES



A NOTHER MAN WALKED ON A CLOTHES LINE + DID OTHER TRICKS IN HIS UNDER-WEARE AS HE DIDNT OWN A SUIT. BUT AT LEAST HE HAD AN UMBRELLA IN CASE IT RAINS



THERE WAS ALSO A FAT LADY WHO MUST OF WAYED A HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST



I ALSO SAW A MAN WHO COULD MAKE HIS FACE TURN RED BY PULLING ON A CHAIN. BUT IT FINELY BUSTED SO HE COULNT DO THE TRICK ANY MORE



DADDY TRIED TO HIT OVER SOME MILK BOTTLES + WIN A TOY FOR MOMMY ONLY HE MISSED. ONCE HE HIT THE MAN WHO OWNS THE BOTTLES BUT THAT DOESNT WIN ANY THING



THEN MOMMY WENT IN A PLACE TO GET HER HANDS RED. BUT WHEN SHE GOT OUT THEY WERE THE SAME COLOR AS BEFORE SO I GUESS THEY RAN OUT OF PAINT



ALSO A MAN WAS TRYING TO SWALLOW A WHOLE SWORD BUT THE HANDLE KEPT ON GETTING STUCK IN HIS MOUTH. I HOPE HE FINELY DID IT



ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN:

EAT UP ALL YOUR VEGETABLES OR ELSE YOUR BONES WILL GROW BUT YOUR SKIN WONT

AFTER YOU EAT FAIRY FLOSS START TO EAT THE HANDLE AND YOUR PARENTS WILL BUY YOU A NOTHER 20 SOME TIMES

YOUR FRIEND JACKY

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

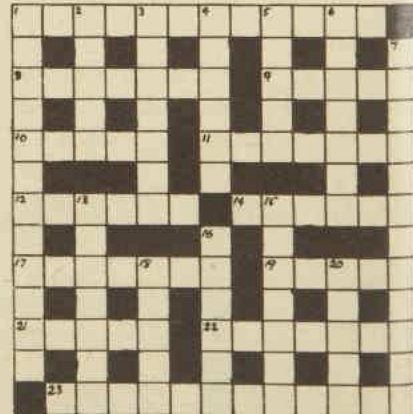
1. A dozen pastries containing meat or fruit delivered by the baker (8, 4).
8. Pet menu in any number (7).
9. Faith full of putrefaction (5).
10. Town in Holland famous from its glazed earthenware (5).
11. It's real (Anagr. 7).
12. Explore Belsen to find revolutionaries (6).
14. Hypnotic state which can be reached in canter (6).
17. No vehicle in a musical instrument (7).
19. Temporary residence at place (5).
21. Arrest a bletherskate for keeping a piece of furniture (5).
22. Bare mud (Anagr. 7).
23. However, this is the greedy man's choice (12).

DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

1. Electric discharges consisting of loud noises and short thick arrows (12).
2. Push forward mostly by the devil (5).
3. Art in Lent provides 30 masses for the dead (7).
4. Pledge without a man's name (6).
5. Part of a flower served in a plate (5).
6. The god of love on an electrically charged particle causes deterioration on the surface of the Earth (7).
7. Savory of a milk product made up into thin strips (6-6).
13. Blackberry bush (7).
15. The contrary ever turns for a start (7).
16. Game opening which without its head is a morning morsel of food (6).
18. Feminine name starting with anger but peaceful on the whole (5).
20. Put in pickle (5).



Solution will be published next week.

BECAUSE IT BANISHES ACNE, PIMPLES and BLACKHEADS...

Innox
SOLUTION

Gives teenagers the confidence that comes with A LOVELY CLEAR COMPLEXION



Mothers! Teenagers **AN** and **SHOULD** have a clear, flawless skin, free from pimples, blackheads and other blemishes.

Scientific skin care during adolescence is vital to confidence and happiness. Innox Solution 41 corrects oily skin conditions, quickly banishes pimples, acne, blackheads and open pores. 13/6

Innox
SOLUTION 41

Wm. (England) Ltd., London, Paris, Sydney

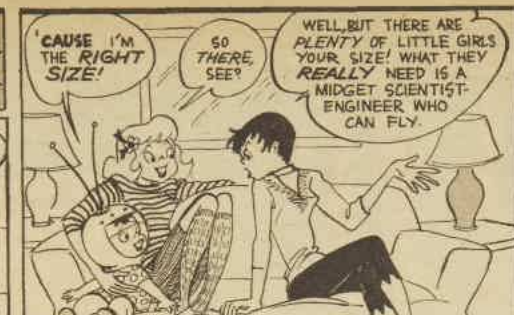
Prevent chapped, cracked hands
Kerodex 71
Waterproof protection from harsh soaps, detergents, bleaches, water, acids, alkalis.

THE UNSEEN HAIR NET

The busy housewife, working girl, sports-woman — every Australian woman wants to comb her hair and have it remain immaculate throughout the day. Now this is possible, with Steiner Lacquer Sheen — the unseen hair net. Lacquer Sheen is gentle in its action, holds the hair, does not give that plastered look. Mr. Steiner (London Hair Stylist and Trichologist) has formulated Lacquer Sheen for every woman. For FREE Booklet: Ellis Agencies, 55 Flemington Rd., Melbourne, N.I.

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 11, 1959



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **PRINCESS NARDA** are speeding through space in a scout ship towards the planet Magna. This is their second visit to the Galaxy of a Million Planets, ruled by the Emperor Magnon and his wife, Carola. Because their memories of the first visit have been erased, a special process is



Joan Collins starring in
"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!"
A De-Luxe Colour Cinemascope 20th Century-Fox Production



JOAN COLLINS LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
it beautifies
thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!
of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

WHOLE SOME



Insist on VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

How to get the best ^{*} out of your teapot

1. Use Bushells Tea and remember—"one spoonful for each person and one for the pot."
2. Heat the pot. Teapots should always be heated with hot water before making the tea.
3. Take teapot to kettle and not kettle to teapot.
4. Use freshly boiling water, poured when it has just reached the stage of bubbling.



*the best is
Bushells

The Tea of
Flavor